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Daily Mirror

START

NOW.

See Page 2.

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THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE BOY HERO OF THE NORGE AND HIS RESCUED SISTER.



The glad tidings that Olsen, the hero of the Norge disaster, had reached Stornoway safely with other survivors created no small amount of joy. The story of his self-sacrifice has already been told in the "Daily Mirror." After securing a place in the lifeboat he suddenly discovered that his sister was still on the ship, and going back found her kneeling in prayer by the bulwarks. He picked her up gently, kissed her, and then lifted her into the place that was rightly his. Above we give a portrait sketch of the sister and also her brave brother, drawn from material supplied by our reporter.

BRILLIANT FEAT OF ARMS.

Our Troops Capture Tibetan Jong with Great Dash.

AN OFFICER KILLED.

Charge Up Almost Inaccessible Heights Under Heavy Fire.

"THE FINEST THING SINCE DARGAI."

The first success in the Tibetan war since the expiration of Colonel Younghusband's ultimatum is reported by our correspondent.

He telegraphs that the enemy's jong, or fort, was taken by storm yesterday by the British force after a magnificent charge.

ATTACK IN THE DARK.

The main attack was opened at four o'clock in the morning, when darkness still reigned. Three attacks were delivered before sunrise. The infantry charged with the operations met with a severe check, but, attacking with renewed vigour and dash, they succeeded in occupying the villages at the foot of the hill on which the jong stood.

Then the jong was shelled, and crumbling masonry soon showed the effect produced. After breaches had begun to appear in the walls, the infantry attack was renewed.

Seven hours' fighting followed, in which Lieutenant Gurdon, of the 32nd Sikhs, fell a victim. The other losses were small, only three men being killed.

SPLENDID BRAVERY.

It was at three in the afternoon that the final attack, which placed the fort in our possession, began.

A party of Ghurkas, Fusiliers, and Pathans rushed the breach made by the guns.

By five o'clock they were well established in the fort, the enemy, thoroughly demoralised, having fled in all directions.

The final dash was the finest feat of arms our Indian Army has accomplished since the gallant Gordons carried Dargai heights in the North-West Frontier campaign. The position was one of immense strength, and was held with the greatest tenacity.

The troops displayed admirable courage and dash, sweeping everything before them in their final wild rush.

Nothing finer could be imagined than the Ghurkas' and Fusiliers' burst up what appeared to be inaccessible heights defended at every point by sanguars.

As they entered the fort they raised the echoes of hills with wild yell.

HEROIC LIEUTENANT.

"The excitement of a long day culminated," says Reuter's Special Service correspondent, "in the scaling of a breach in the walls of the jong by Lieutenant Grant, of the 8th Ghurkas, followed by a mixed company of Ghurkas and Fusiliers."

"We watched with bated breath these heroic men climb a cleft in the rock in face of a hail of fire and torrents of stones which were hurled on their heads by the frantic Tibetans."

"A stone struck Lieutenant Grant, and swept him off his feet, as it seemed, to certain death below, but he recovered himself in a wonderful manner, and was the first man over the breach."

"As I write at dusk the battle is not quite over. One still hears fitful bursts of musketry, but the jong is ours. It dominates the town below and the monastery beyond."

LIEUTENANT GURDON.

Lieutenant G. P. Gurdon, who was killed, received his first commission in 1898, and in the following year became attached to the Indian Staff Corps. Since that time he has served with the 32nd Pioneers, a Sikh regiment, in which he acted as quartermaster.

In the House of Commons last night Mr. Brodrick said he had received no confirmation of the report that the Tibetan jong had been taken. He added that the Government had changed its intentions in no single particular from the telegram to the Viceroy on November 6 last. The peace representations were sent to stay the British advance, which it was desirable should not be delayed.

MUKDEN THREATENED.

Japanese Force Suddenly Advances on the Town.

PORT ARTHUR'S PERIL.

Several reports from Liao-yang state that the Japanese are advancing on Mukden.

Another message states that the advance is by no means impossible, and recalls the fact that the position of the 12th Japanese division, commanded by General Inouye, has for some time been unknown.

This division could have approached Mukden, unnoticed by the Russians, by means of forced marches through the Pailline defiles.

HALF A MILLION RUSSIANS.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.

By an Imperial Ukase published to-day, 447,302 men liable for military service are to be called out this year in accordance with the Conscription Law.—Reuter.

FORCES MASSING.

Japanese Concentrating Their Strength Against Port Arthur.

From St. Petersburg a rumour is transmitted from the front that the Japanese are massing their forces against Port Arthur.

Another Liao-yang message via St. Petersburg says:—

"General Oku's army is retiring, evidently to concentrate on Port Arthur."

"Siege guns are being brought to the Kinchow position."

"Five hundred Russians made a reconnaissance in the direction of Pigeon Bay to ascertain if it was free from the enemy, but Admiral Togo's cruisers shelled them and compelled the detachment to withdraw, with one man killed and several wounded."

NAVAL BATTLE.

Success Claimed for the Vladivostok Squadron.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.

A telegram of yesterday's date, received from Liao-yang, says:—

A persistent rumour is current here that the Vladivostok squadron encountered a Japanese squadron to-day to the north of Gensan, and that a hot engagement ensued, which ended favourably for the Russians.—Reuter.

It is stated that during the last raid of the Vladivostok squadron a Japanese torpedo-boat destroyer and a torpedo-boat were sunk.

JAPAN WILL APPEAL.

According to a St. Petersburg message to the Paris "Journal," Japan will ask for the intervention of England or China, having acquired proofs of a breach of neutrality by France and Germany.

This is alleged to have been committed by the offer of Kiao-chau and the French colonial ports for the use of the Russian fleet.

82 IN THE SHADE.

Yesterday Was the Hottest Day of the Year.

Yesterday broke the year's record for brilliant weather—over fourteen hours' bright sunshine was registered at the Meteorological Office, and the thermometer rose to 82 in the shade.

And according to the weather prophets the heat-wave is likely to be with us for days to come. We may experience, they say, even hotter weather, though in some districts the heat is likely to be dissipated by local thunderstorms.

Yesterday's heat, to some extent, took Londoners by surprise, and many, who obviously wished they had adopted lighter attire, were seen sweltering in clothes that were suited to a temperature twenty degrees lower.

But it was an ideal July day. The heat was tempered by a pleasant breeze, and with prospects of holidays in the near future the sterner sex smiled cheerfully under the scorching sun.

M.P.'S FATAL ACCIDENT.

Inquest on the Death of Sir Wm. Rattigan.

An inquest was held on Sir William Rattigan, M.P., yesterday, at the Corner House Inn, Langford, near the spot on the Biggleswade road where he was killed in a motor-car accident on Monday evening.

The jury, in finding a verdict of Accidental Death, added that they considered the car was not in a condition to send on the road. They exonerated the driver from blame.

NO DISSOLUTION.

Mr. Balfour's Straight Talk to His Party.

EFFECT OF BY-ELECTIONS.

Mr. Balfour made a most important statement last night.

Speaking at a dinner of the northern Unionist members at the House of Commons, he said that under no circumstances would there be a dissolution this year, unless he failed to obtain the support of his colleagues.

Mr. Balfour assured the northern Unionist members that he could not name a time which could be fixed as a possible date for the dissolution of the present Parliament. But, although he could not fix a date, he could only emphasise what he had said elsewhere as to the views which he held as to when a dissolution would not take place.

The Government had not the slightest intention of resigning. Their opponents placed great weight upon the result of recent by-elections, but the Government were not unduly depressed by those which had already taken place, nor would they be by what might occur in the future.

The only question which had seriously affected the decision of recent elections was that of Chinese labour, and the mendacious statements made by their opponents on this question had even caused the Education Act to be lost sight of on obscure.

THE GOVERNMENT'S DANGER.

The results of the by-elections, however, were not the most serious danger of the Unionist Government. At the present moment the most apparent danger was want of support from the part of some of the Unionist members. If the Government lost that support, if the party felt that the public interests were suffering owing to their remaining in office, then there was not a single member of the Government who would retain office for an hour. In that case he would look upon a dissolution of the present Parliament as a national misfortune.

In this session as well as in the next he would not burden his followers unduly with overmuch legislation, but in return he expected from them that loyalty in the Division Lobby which would enable the Government to carry out their programme to a successful issue.

Mr. J. W. Lowther, M.P., presided, and amongst those present were Lord Londonderry, president of the Northern Union; Sir Lindsay Wood, chairman of the body, and the following M.P.s:—Sir A. Acland-Hood, chief Government Whip; the Hon. F. W. Lambton, Sir R. Ropner, Sir W. Plummer, and Colonel Bagot.

HOWLING TACTICS.

Liberals Refuse to Allow the Premier a Hearing.

Early last evening everybody in the House of Commons was nervously expecting a great scene over the Licensing Bill.

The Opposition, angry with the guillotine proposals of the Government, held a meeting at which Mr. Winston Churchill was present, to consider how best to give expression to their feelings. They were divided in opinion.

An extreme party suggested walking out without taking any part in further divisions. A second, equally hot-headed, suggested that the Opposition as a body should refuse to leave the House when the first compartment closure division was called. The third and more moderate party favoured a firm protest and clear explanation of the attitude of the Opposition by a leader of the Party.

This last course was ultimately decided on, lessening the chances of the great scene that many had anticipated.

When the House went into Committee on the Bill there were comparatively few occupants of the Opposition Benches, and each amendment as it was brought forward was rejected by a substantial Government majority.

MR. BALFOUR SMILES.

When the Chairman called on Mr. E. Griffith to move his amendment, Mr. Asquith rose, and led the Opposition cheers, and said the amendment referred to raised one of the most important questions in the whole Bill; it raised, in fact, the whole compensation question.

Mr. Balfour rose to speak, but the Opposition howled, yelled, and shouted, "Gag, gag."

He stood at the table for some time, and then, as the uproar continued, he, with a smile, resumed his seat.

At one minute to eleven o'clock the Chairman put the amendment, and the Committee divided on it. For the amendment, 210; against, 279.

SHOULD BREWERS VOTE?

Upon the Chairman putting the question that Clause 1 as amended stand part of the Bill, Mr. Lloyd-George asked whether those members financially interested in the liquor trade were en-

titled by the rules of the House to take part in the division.

The Chairman: I think the rule of the House has always been that any member who has a direct pecuniary interest is liable to have his vote struck off.

CLAUSE ONE PASSED.

The clause having been carried by 87 votes, Mr. Lloyd-George submitted that several members had recorded their votes in a manner that directly pecuniarily interested them. He mentioned Mr. Groves, and moved that his vote be disallowed.

The Chairman quoted the last ruling of the Speaker, that when the question was of a public and general nature, and immediately involved the pecuniary interest of a class, members of that class were not prevented by the rules from voting. He thought the motion was not in order.

Mr. Emmott, Mr. Whittaker, and Mr. F. Moulton continued to argue that the question should be left to the House to decide, but the Chairman maintained that his ruling was correct, and he in the end left the chair amid cheers and uproar.

THE KING AT "BART.'S."

Laying the Foundation Stone of the New Wing.

The sun shone brightly yesterday morning as their Majesties the King and Queen drove to St. Bartholomew's Hospital to lay the foundation stone of the new wing.

Shortly before one o'clock the King and the royal party entered the large marquee which had been erected round the foundation-stone, accommodating at least 3,000 guests of the Hospital.

The medical profession was very strongly represented, and the hoods and gowns worn by the holders of degrees and diplomas made a blaze of colour set off by the white or delicate tints of the ladies' summer toilettes, and the cool blue of the pretty nurses' uniforms.

The City dignitaries made a brave show, but looked uncomfortably hot in their scarlet-tufted robes, and the mayors of the metropolitan boroughs attended with their gold chains.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.

The arrival of the royal party was marked with the most hearty cheers, and the simple little function was quickly proceeded with. The King was received by the Prince of Wales as president of the hospital, accompanied by the chief officials of the institution.

After prayers by the Bishop of London the Prince read an address, in which the King thanked for his interest in the hospital.

The King then replied in a few gracious words, concluding as follows: "We confidently believe that our subjects—and especially the citizens of London—will not fail in their interest in the progress of the scheme for rebuilding the hospital, nor allow that beneficent undertaking to be hindered for want of the necessary funds."

The laying of the foundation stone thereupon took place. It was a big square mass of suitably inscribed red granite, which would not go into its place without the earnest efforts of a man who worked the pulley and four perspiring gentlemen in frock coats who hung on to each corner.

While this was in progress the King chatted with the Queen, who looked charming in a mauve costume. He laughed from time to time at the efforts of everyone to get the stone in its place. At length they were successful, and his Majesty, after three resounding taps, declared it well and truly laid.

Then the Queen was admitted as the first lady governor of the institution, being solemnly "charged" by the secretary in the old form for admission of governors.

SOUVENIR FOR THE QUEEN.

She was then presented with a miniature staff of office, a replica of about the size of a fountain pen.

The royal party drove off while Madame Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home," to speed the parting guests. The King's carriage passed slowly round the quadrangle in the centre of which had been placed a colony of sufficiently recovered patients.

His Majesty, before leaving, contributed £1,000 to the fund.

"SALOME" AT COVENT GARDEN.

Massenet's opera "Herodiade" was produced for the first time in England at Covent Garden last night, under the title of "Salomé." Extensive alterations have been necessitated in the libretto, all Biblical references having been deleted to satisfy the censor.

Some of the changes are amusing. John the Baptist is no longer merely "Jean," Herod is King of Ethiopia, and so on, the scene being changed to Egypt.

Last night's performance served to introduce Calv  in a new r le, Salom , the other artists being Mme. Helian and Kirby Lunn, and MM. Dalmares, Renaud, Gilbert, Cotreuil, Dufr che, and Plancon.

The Alake of Abeokuta will leave St. Pancras at two o'clock to-day for Liverpool, from which port he sails for the West Coast of Africa.

The Dean of Hereford at Southampton yesterday said the Government had a severe attack of beriberi, and he was afraid they would not revive until the atmosphere had been cleared of the liquor interests.

MOTORS AS ELECTION AGENTS.

Car Rides the Best Argument for Chertsey Voters.

CONSERVATIVE MAY WIN.

At the close of the poll in the Chertsey constituency yesterday, the Conservatives were cheerful and confident, and the Liberals correspondingly despondent.

It is generally expected that Lord Bingham will retain the seat for his party, but by a reduced majority—about 600 is the Conservative estimate.

The result will be declared about noon to-day.

Whatever means, fair or foul, may have been employed in the intermediate stages of the fight, yesterday's battle was an engagement of motor-cars.

Early in the morning, Woking woke to an overpowering odour of petrol, and all day long the automatic conveyances careered through Chertsey snorting vehemence.

Motor-Mad Electors.

With ordinary vehicles the ordinary elector would have nothing to do. If he might not ride in a motor-car he allowed it to be understood that he would not vote at all. It should be a happy omen for Lord Bingham that three out of every four of the cars on the roads were decorated with his handsome orange and violet favours.

There can be no doubt that Chertsey folk have thoroughly enjoyed the amenities of this election.

A *Mirror* representative was fortunate enough to obtain an interview with a gentleman of Radical opinions who has distinguished himself during the past three weeks by the variety and number of the questions he has put to the rival candidates.

The "heckler" was found shaking his head disconsolately over a cool mug of beer. His head was rapidly departing, but he brightened up when addressed.

"Arist 'em questions?" he repeated. "I should think I did arist 'em questions. Why, I arist 'em lots of questions they couldn't answer, didn't I, Dave?"

Dave, who was in the incipient stages of a complaint known now in Chertsey as "beery-beery," nodded gravely.

"You did," he said slowly. "You arist 'em questions that nobody could answer."

"No, I've written no poetry myself," continued the heckler modestly, "but I know lots that has. Nearly everybody has, in fact."

The Political Poet.

"There was two young fellows—two young dry-breaders, they was—making up poetry about Sadler over their lunch down at the Albion, in Woking.

"They was just lookin' for a rhyme, when a gent, gets up from the next table,

"I think," he says, 'that it is only fair,' he says, 'to tell you that I am Mr. Sadler.' At that ought to have cured them of writing poetry, but it didn't. Listen to this:

Buck Egham
Vow for England
Look at Woolwich; look at Rye;
Chertsey hit 'em in the eye;

And the disgusted heckler turned to his refreshment again.

At six o'clock it was estimated that thirty per cent. of the probable voters had already polled. After that hour a rush set in which taxed the carrying power of all the vehicles at the disposal of either side.

The poll was not, however, so large as it would have been had not the weather been so fine. Many electors were too busy in the fields to attend to politics.

ANGLO-FRENCH DIFFICULTY.

A reference to the Anglo-French agreement in the House of Commons yesterday has given rise to some speculation as to its true import. It is feared that some unforeseen difficulty may have arisen since the convention was signed.

Mr. Gibson Bowles had three questions on the Parliamentary paper raising several points in respect to the agreement, but Mr. Balfour asked that any questions on the subject should be postponed, as he did not think it would be in the public interest at that moment to refer to the matter by way of question and answer.

Mr. Bowles said that, in view of the extreme gravity of the situation, he would repeat the questions in a fortnight's time.

Miss Kathleen Chabot, who has recently been touring with Madame Melba, gave her first piano-recital at Steinway Hall last night, and scored a great success. Mr. Plunket Greene assisted.

The Moody-Manners Opera Company will at Drury Lane produce Verdi's "La Traviata" tomorrow evening. It is many years since this opera was presented in English at a London theatre.

TOUTING FOR GRAVES.

How Rural Cemeteries Offer Commissions to Undertakers.

There is still room for you is the purport of a circular sent out by the directors of the General Cemetery Company, of Kensal Green.

A *Mirror* representative was informed by Mr. T. Burgess, the superintendent of the old cemetery, that it was necessary to correct the impression that the "vacant space is exhausted, whereas there are thousands of grave spaces available in the old portion, and twenty acres in the higher parts practically untouched."

The rivalry between cemeteries is far keener and more vigorous than the competition in the undertaking business, and commissions of ten per cent. and twenty per cent. are often inducements to undertakers to take business to the new grounds.

There has been a decided falling off, however, in the interments at Kensal Green, although one of the best laid out and well-kept burial grounds in London.

In a note at the foot of the circular the directors point out that, when received by people lying seriously ill, it must not be looked upon as an unpleasant reminder of death.

The words of the footnote read:—

"N.B.—This circular is being sent to all whose names appear in the 'Court Directory,' and if by any chance it should arrive at a time of bereavement or serious illness, the recipient is begged to believe it is an unfortunate coincidence, and not bad taste on the part of the directors."

ABANDONING A FOOTMAN.

Mistress's Strange Treatment of a Foreign Servant.

A foreigner named Etienne Roger gave the Marylebone magistrate yesterday an account of the singular circumstances under which he was dismissed from the service of Mrs. Addy Scott, a lady living at Cambridge-gate, Regent's Park.

He was engaged by Mrs. Scott as a footman, he said, on June 18. A week later, about 5.30 p.m., she drove to Richmond, and while in the park told him she had lost her newspaper, ordering him to get down and look for it.

Roger did so, and his mistress then drove off.

For three-quarters of an hour he ran about trying to find her, and in the end made his way to the nearest railway station, where, by leaving his wed-ding-ring with the station-master, he obtained a ticket and came to London.

On going to Mrs. Scott's house, however, he was refused admission, and, in spite of numerous visits, had been unable to get his luggage. In consequence he summoned Mrs. Scott for detaining three trunks and a valise.

Mrs. Scott did not appear at the police court, but was represented by a solicitor, who said that his client took Roger into the park and dropped him with the express object of getting rid of him, as he would not do what she wanted and would not leave.

Mr. Kennedy made an order for the things to be given up, or for Mrs. Scott to pay £14, their value, with two guineas costs.

NORGE DISASTER.

Sufferings of Survivors Afloat for Six Days.

According to the stories told by some of the seventeen survivors of the wreck of the *Norge* landed at Aberdeen, six boats got away from the wreck, so that two boats are still missing.

The party left the ship in company with two other boats, in one of which was the first mate, who gave them two buckets of fresh water and two biscuits per man. On this they subsisted for six days.

When the news of the landing of this party was announced to the other survivors on board the *Saxonia* when the liner called at Queenstown yesterday, they became greatly excited and overjoyed, and eagerly inquired the names of the rescued.

One aged man, who had lost his children, was frantic in his inquiries as to whether they had been saved, but no reliable information could be given him.

Of the entire ship's company 143 have been saved, and the estimated death-roll is 622.

On our front page we reproduce portrait sketches of the rescued girl, made by our artist correspondent at Liverpool, who saw Miss Olsen as she was about to embark for New York.

We also give a picture of her brave brother, drawn from material supplied by our reporter.

WIRE MOTOR TRAP—ARREST.

William Austin has been arrested by the Slough police, charged with placing a wire across the great Bath road.

A motor driven by Mr. Partridge charged the obstacle in the dark, but, fortunately, the steering wheel broke the wire.

DANCER'S LOVE LETTERS.

Cleo de Merode Opens a Trunk Full of Tributes.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.

Mlle. Cleo de Merode, the famous Parisian dancer, whose wonderful, melancholy eyes, shadowed by her smoothly-parted dark hair, have set uncounted hearts afame, has taken the "Figaro" into her confidence.

To-day she confessed with a smile, which lighted up the pure serenity of her lovely face, that she possessed a trunk full of love-letters—letters sent by her unknown admirers, from Germany, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, where she has been dancing her triumphant way during the past months.

With a gesture of inimitable grace, Mlle. de Merode brought forth an armful of these amorous billets, and laid them before the gentleman from the "Figaro."

A student of philosophy writes:—

You are the most beautiful in the world. I have seen you, mademoiselle, and shall forget you never. You cannot be angry with this audacious son of the north.

Several young men subscribe to this:—

I and all my friends have seen you but twice on the stage at Malmo, and we followed your carriage at a gallop. So many times did we cry "Hurrah" that we are quite enfeebled.

Another party of students address her in these glowing terms:—

The students of Gothenburg will keep to old age the memory of your magnificent person, and will count the moments in which they saw you as the sweetest of their lives.

A budding poet pours forth his soul:—

You are the sun, eternally beaming; you are the moon for ever shining in the sky; you are the star, brighter than day.

A lady of sensitive heart, for the ladies are as fond of Cleo as the men, writes:—

Beautiful, enchanting, Mlle. Cleo.

Day and night I see your beautiful and innocent eyes. You are, and always will be, my ideal of beauty and child-like purity.

Charming is the tribute of some quite little girls:—

Our Dear Cleo,—To-day we saw you at the station. It was we who ran along the platform with your train.

BOY'S LOST MEMORY.

Cannot Recollect His Home or Relations.

Seeing a well-dressed boy of twelve wandering aimlessly in Kingston-on-Thames a policeman accosted him—to find that the lad's mind was an absolute blank.

Though perfectly sensible, he could not remember his name or address, and was absolutely unable to give any account of how he came to be in Kingston.

The police took him to the workhouse and circulated his description, and yesterday afternoon a Mr. Sameson, of Tantallon-road, Tooting, went to the workhouse, and found that the boy was his brother, Richard, who had been missing from home since Tuesday morning.

The lad had been studying hard for an examination, and on his way to school had suddenly lost his memory and wandered away.

Even now, though for a moment he recognised his brother, he cannot recollect his home or parents, or anything that happened before Tuesday morning.

VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

Woman Revives During Her Own Burial Mass.

A woman of Freiburg was buried (says a Zurich Reuter telegram) at Einsiedeln, the seat of the well-known shrine of the Black Madonna.

The service at the grave was over, and the mourners had gone to mass in the Abbey church, when the gravedigger, who had begun to fill in the grave, heard cries for help.

The coffin was opened, and the woman was discovered to be still alive.

TRIED TWICE FOR HIS LIFE.

The Crown case against Joseph Fee, who is charged for the second time at Monaghan Assizes with the murder of John Flanagan, closed yesterday.

Evidence was given that a knife found by the body in a manure pit was similar to one owned by the prisoner. Also that the prisoner was in possession of a purse identified as belonging to the murdered man.

The Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, is to be put up very shortly. Whether it is to be pulled down subsequently or is to awake to a career of wedded theatrical glory is uncertain.

GAY DAY AT HENLEY.

Great Crowds Witness a Sensational Race for Diamond Sculls.

CHAMPION COLLAPSES.

Henley was herself again yesterday. The sights, sounds, and sunny scenery were worthy of the past records of the royal regatta.

The service of sixteen special trains from Paddington was really made use of by hundreds. Through Hambleden Lock, from the lower reaches, the people poured in punts, skiffs, and Canadian canoes.

"Isn't it delightful?" said the ladies to one another, and replied, "Yes, isn't it heavenly?" It was also hot—stifling hot.

The racing opened quietly. Cloutte made Rixon look silly and beat him easily. St. John's and First Trinity had a dingy tussle all the way. In the last hundred yards it seemed as though the Oxford men would win by a length, but First Trinity answered the spurt and only a third of a length separated them at the finish.

Then everyone began to talk of the race of the day. What would happen at 3.30, when the picked man of English sculling, met Scholes, the Canadian? The Balliol man found most favour.

Strength v. Science.

The foreigner, as in the jargon of the regatta he was persistently called, could not win, prophesied the knowing. He might be in *form*—he was in *form*, but what was that against an oxen with such a record, who had "raised sculling from the ranks of a recreation to the elevation of a fine art"? It was about in the air, because Scholes is so powerful, that there would be a match between strength and science.

In due time the bells rang, and the course commenced to clear—on account of what was expected—with more alacrity than usual. A few minutes, and then the impressive brown launch of the Thames Conservancy steamed slowly down to Temple Island from the bridge.

The officials, in their white boxes, on guard where a shifting boom makes passage-way into the course, became alert and shouting. The umpire's boat, with its great rowing blues and favoured friends of the powers on board, pushed up towards the starting place. Presently the course was as clear as could be, and the booms were poled over by their guardians.

Titanic Struggle.

Boom! the guns went. The men were off. The course was one blaze of moving colours as the people in the boats, on the launches, and on the bank sprang to their feet to get a long sight of the race. Glasses searched the stretch of water for the boats and the red indicators at the distance posts.

Before this event an aimless interest had been taken in the racing, now what? Well, it was to be a race, they said.

The men came on grandly. The sun glinted upon the wet sculls, rhythmically rising and falling, but told nothing to the watchers further up. The indicators reported faithfully, Kelly clear at a quarter of a mile, ahead by two lengths at half. Scholes stuck to him. Spurts answered spurts. At the mile mark Kelly only had half a length advantage.

Suddenly there was trouble. The hand of fate came down on Kelly, and stopped him. There was no longer any river for him, just blackness, but an unconscious effort of will power drove the human machine still.

Kelly Beaten.

With his neck loose, his head rolling from shoulder to shoulder, his mouth lolling open, and grecs shadows over his face, he rowed on past the Phil. & Court Ferry.

He was not really known he was pulling at all. It was not Kelly, but a wonderful automaton sculling even now with the style of the master sculler.

The white flag fell on Scholes, when Kelly's boat was opposite the Grand Stand, drifting. Kelly's head was on his hands. The Thames Conservancy launch drew closer. A cheer rang out. Kelly came back to himself a little. He feebly put the boat's head round and shaped a straight course. He essayed a stroke, and collapsed finally. The Conservancy men took him on board just as Scholes came up, backing water, to help him.

The results of the day's racing will be found on page 15.

HAGGERTY IN TRAINING.

Haggerty is still doing splendidly at Blackpool. Yesterday he swam out a couple of miles against a strong tide, returning to the pier after an hour and a half's swimming. In all probability he will next week be taken out to sea a distance of nine or ten miles in a steamboat, and will then swim back to the jetty.

"MESSIAH'S" LIFE STORY.

First-rate Boxer and Shiftless
World Wanderer.

A COMING SENSATION.

There was an air of mystery at Cedar Lodge, Clapton, yesterday, and the inmates would neither affirm nor deny that the "Messiah" had returned to the North-East London "Abode of Love."

The blinds were all up and numerous female figures were seen flitting to and fro in the drawing-room. Curious neighbours and children stood in front of the house all day.

A *Mirror* representative, who called there yesterday afternoon, was received by a pleasant-faced, middle-aged lady, who said that it was impossible to have an interview with the Rev. J. Smyth-Pigott on any consideration.

Asked whether he had arrived from Somerset, the lady said, "In all good faith and sincerity I tell you that the Almighty himself is about to speak in judgment, and then the people will know. That is all I can tell you with civility and friendliness."

Then she firmly closed the door of Cedar Lodge. From the bustle and activity in the house it is believed that the "Minister of Love" returned there on Tuesday night.

Great Things in Contemplation.

There is a large garden at the back of the house which is shut in by very high walls, so that it is practically impossible to ascertain what is going on. The Agapemonite church close by is still closed.

Judging from the statement made by the grey-haired disciple it is evident that the Rev. Smyth-Pigott is about to make some great demonstration to his followers in imitation of General Booth.

A friend who has known the self-styled "Messiah" since he was a boy at school said yesterday:

"Smyth-Pigott is now about fifty-three years of age, and has had a very varied career. Judging by his boyhood and following years he is the last man I should have believed would have gone in for religion."

"He went to sea for one voyage as an apprentice in the merchant service; then to Repton School and Cambridge University, where he left many creditors to mourn his departure."

"The next I heard of him was that he had worked his way out to Australia, where he remained for three years, working as a stockman driving cattle."

"One day Smyth-Pigott returned home to his family in Somerset, and did not get any fatted calf killed in his honour. He had worked his way back in a ship, and was as hard up as when he left England."

"Messiah" on a Coffee Plantation.

"A friend of the family gave him an introduction to some planters in Ceylon and paid his passage out. The young man was as hard as nails in those days, tall and slim, and spent two years on the plantations in the famous spice island."

"Then he suddenly disappeared, owing more money, and turned up later in Calcutta, where he made a brief stay, and, after getting into debt, he went to San Francisco before the mast in a sailing vessel."

"Smyth-Pigott got very hard up in 'Frisco, and eventually joined the American Army. He stayed there in a cavalry regiment until there was an expedition against the Indians, and then deserted, as it was against his belief to shed blood."

"The next I heard of him was that he was working in the East End of London as a missionary in the slums, and then he blossomed out into the 'Messiah'."

In concluding his remarks the gentleman said: "In the old days Smyth-Pigott was a first-class boxer, and always bossed the show. He had a great opinion of himself. He was an amusing raconteur, and had not enough religious sentiment to cover a postage stamp. On the mother's side he is related to Mr. Labouchere, the proprietor of 'Truth.'"

Pigott Threatened with an Action.

Our representative at Spaxton telegraphs:—"Over the 'Abode of Love' hangs sorrow and a great silence. Since Pigott's disappearance, all inquiries have failed to locate the 'Lamb.'

"It appears there is the possibility of an action for damages being brought against the Agapemonites, with the 'Messiah' as chief defendant, in connection with the memorable picnic last Wednesday in the Quantocks Hills. It seems that the fire lighted by the religious revellers to boil their kettles set fire to the gorse and bracken, and considerable damage was done. The owner is now claiming compensation."

"How the process will be served is a question."

"Pigott, seen by a Spaxton villager just before his flight, said, 'If people would only believe and be saved, I would stay and testify until the end of all things.'"

YOUNG GIRL'S DEATH SENTENCE.

Sentence of death was passed at the Kent Assizes yesterday on Susan Challis, a seventeen-year-old servant girl, for the wilful murder of her illegitimate child at Strood in May last.

The jury, who arrived at their verdict after two hours' deliberation, recommended the prisoner to mercy. On hearing the verdict, the prisoner fainted, and had to be carried from the dock.

"MAYBRICK DID NOT DIE OF ARSENIC."

Home Office Analyst Records His Conviction That
Mrs. Maybrick Did Not Poison Her Husband.

JURY'S "WRONG-DOING" REMAINS.

Fair-minded Englishmen and Englishwomen are everywhere turning serious attention to the Maybrick case, which is now being revived in the *Mirror*.

It is a revelation to find an almost universal belief in Mrs. Maybrick's innocence, even at this date, when her long sentence of imprisonment draws to a close. The enlightened public conscience of England is profoundly shocked at the thought that this little American woman, who forfeited her American citizenship by marrying a Liverpool cotton merchant, James Maybrick, should have paid so terrible a penalty on a charge of killing her husband by giving him arsenic, while the Home Secretary, who resented the death sentence, actually admitted that there was reasonable doubt whether James Maybrick's death was caused by arsenical poisoning.

FIFTEEN YEARS ON A DOUBT.

The only benefit of this doubt given to Mrs. Maybrick took the form of fifteen years' exile in a convict prison. English lovers of justice see little of the quality of mercy in such an alternative. Had Mrs. Maybrick been tried in Scotland she

Meymott Tidy, the eminent Home Office analyst, to a friend, who has for many years advocated the great weight, when its explicit terms are considered:—

3, Mandeville-place, Cavendish-square, W.,
5 Jany, 1891.

That a woman is at the present time confined in an English prison for an offence that neither she nor anybody else has committed (for nothing is more certain than that James Maybrick did not die of arsenic) is a most painful fact. I scarcely dare think of how the extent to which such a wrong may be done to a judge & jury may go wrong, and be wrongdone.

C. MEYMOTT TIDY.

Dr. Meymott Tidy was not a young, obscure, inexperienced practitioner. He was the foremost toxicologist of the time, for many years official analyst to the Home Office, and medical officer of health for Islington. He was also a barrister-at-law, and examiner of forensic medicine at the London Hospital.

None of the medical witnesses at the Maybrick trial had had so wide experience in arsenical poisoning cases as Dr. Meymott Tidy. He told the Court

5 MANDEVILLE PLACE,
CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.

My dear Sir,
That a woman is at the present time confined in an English prison for an offence that neither she nor anybody else has committed (for nothing is more certain than that James Maybrick did not die of arsenic) is a most painful fact. I scarcely dare think of how the extent to which such a wrong may be done to a judge & jury may go wrong, and be wrongdone.
Faithfully yours, Meymott Tidy.

Facsimile of the letter written by the late Dr. Meymott Tidy, the famous Home Office analyst, in which he states that Mr. James Maybrick did not die of arsenical poisoning.

would naturally have been acquitted by the verdict of "Not Proven"—that logical way of escape to prisoners whose guilt the Crown authorities have failed to absolutely prove.

Hence it is strongly felt in medical and legal circles that a free pardon from the King is Mrs. Maybrick's due, even after she has fully expiated the offence of which a jury of plumbers and farmers found her guilty, while from her place in the prison she protested: "Before God, I am innocent of that charge."

The doubt in the Maybrick trial, which favoured the prisoner, was founded mainly upon the medical evidence—always of vital importance in an alleged poisoning case. It was remarkable that of the ten doctors who appeared for the prosecution and defence, almost every one of them hesitated to say positively that James Maybrick's death was caused by arsenic.

Only the doctors who witnessed for the defence spoke positively to the contrary. They emphatically declared against arsenic, as was pointed out by Dr. Forbes Winslow, in an interview published in the *Mirror* yesterday, which created a great impression in favour of Mrs. Maybrick's innocence.

To-day we publish the facsimile of a letter, written two years after the trial, by the late Dr.

that he had assisted at something short of a thousand post-mortem cases, and forty cases of arsenical poisoning.

SYMPTOMS "POINT AWAY."

With the Crown contention that the symptoms of James Maybrick's last illness pointed to arsenic he had no sympathy, and ridiculed the theory as a "toxicological curiosity."

"The symptoms of the post-mortem," he said emphatically, "distinctly point away from arsenic." Note the words "away from arsenic."

A voluminous writer on medical, chemical, and toxicological subjects, Dr. Tidy lost no time after the trial in putting his views fully before the public and his professional brethren, in the form of a convincing pamphlet entitled "The Maybrick Trial, a Toxicological Study."

Necessarily scientific and technical in its terminology, this pamphlet carefully perused leaves no "reasonable doubt" on the reader's mind regarding Mrs. Maybrick's innocence.

It demolishes the whole case for the prosecution, by proving that her husband did not die of arsenic, and that, therefore, in plain, cold logic, she did not kill him.

NEW BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

The men in charge of the Left Luggage Office at Waterloo Station are to-day suffering from swollen heads.

An innocent-looking passenger from the country, who deposited a package containing live bees, is the cause.

The bees escaped from their box, took the office by storm, and routed the station staff. Eventually they were persuaded to return to their quarters by Mr. Jacob Hood, the chief engineer.

Later in the day a telegram was received by the railway authorities, announcing the defeat of the L. and S.W. forces at Gosport Station.

A pet lizard, which escaped from a passenger's box in the van of a train, had driven the guard from his post, and, single-handed, had successfully held the position against the entire station staff. Gosport required reinforcements from Waterloo.

MAGISTRATE'S MISSING PLATE.

A butler named Welby Hoffman, in the service of Mr. Chapman, the Southwark Police Court magistrate, was remanded at the South-Western County yesterday on a charge of stealing his master's plate.

The plate, which disappeared from Mr. Chapman's private residence at Putney, was valued at £300. Hoffman admitted to a detective that he was responsible for the theft.

LOOSE SIDE OF KISSING.

The promiscuous kissing question is being keenly discussed at Leeds. The local Nonconformist ministers depurate Mr. Myer's attitude, and dissent altogether from the view that kissing games are played for the sake of the kissing itself.

One minister holds that kissing should not be interpreted as having a loose side to it.

M.P. ON THE "OFF" SIDE.

Mr. Louis Sinclair's Unsuccessful Claim to Privilege.

THE SPEAKER'S VERDICT.

Mr. Louis Sinclair showed great anxiety in the House of Commons yesterday to obtain an exact interpretation of the extent of a member of Parliament's privileges. His desire for information on the point arose from the fact that he had been fined £200, and costs the previous day for driving a motor-car on the wrong side of a street refuge. He had contended, without success, at Marlborough-street Police Court that as an M.P., he was privileged to do so.

He called the Speaker's attention to a Sessional Order which directs the Commissioner of Police to keep the passage through the streets leading to the House of Commons clear, so that no obstruction should hinder the passage of members to and from the House.

The House greeted Mr. Sinclair's story of his motoring experience with a good deal of chaff. "Oh, oh!" an honourable member cried when Mr. Sinclair, in answer to a question of "Where?" explained that he was driving home down Regent-street. He drove on the "off" side because the road was obstructed by fire hose.

He wanted to know how far the privileges of members extended. If he had not taken the "off" side he would have lost half an hour in getting home.

His First Offense.

It was the first time he had ever been ("Oh, oh!" and cried "No, no")—and he waited until the obstruction had moved had he not rend the Sessional meaning that he was to have free access from the House without being treated as has disregarded the law of this country. (Great cheers and laughter.)

The Speaker: The House will agree with me that it would have been better if the hon. member had kept on the right side of the road. (Up-voiced cheers and laughter.) I do not think the House will treat this as a question of privilege. It seems to me to be an ordinary police case.

Loud and prolonged cheering greeted the Speaker's statement of his view of the question, and Mr. Sinclair had to rest content with this decision.

DETECTIVES AS "PICKPOCKETS."

Great Hoard of Counterfeit Florins Discovered.

Before Henry Harrison, who is now in custody on a charge of manufacturing counterfeit coin, was arrested his movements were for some time shadowed by detectives. The latter on one occasion sat behind him on a tram and felt in his pockets, but they failed to find any coins.

On the following day the detectives entered Harrison's house in Camberwell, and found him holding out a sheet and a blanket, which, they suggest, he intended to throw over them in order to escape in the subsequent confusion. Harrison and his sister, Mary Harrison, were arrested, and were at Lambeth Police Court yesterday committed for trial.

Counsel for the Treasury informed the magistrates that the case was one of considerable importance, owing to the very large number of counterfeit coins—1,400—found at the prisoners' premises.

SAILOR'S ANIMAL AUDIENCE.

Carter, the young sailor, who is in custody in connection with the theft of Nelson relics from Greenwich Hospital, possesses ability as a musician. When he was living at Victoria Dock-road in December, 1900, he used to amuse himself by playing a clarinet by the kitchen fire, with the landlady's domestic pets—a small dog and a Persian cat—as audience. Carter would laugh uproariously when the dog sat on his hind legs and whined at the music.

WE ARE SAVING MONEY FOR YOU.

Page 2 tells . . . you . . .

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Peter and John Smith, two brothers who are both "black-listers," were fined at Prescott for drunkenness.

Four Kippax miners were summoned at Leeds for gaming at "nap" in a cab at midnight. But it was pointed out that it was a private cab, and the case was dismissed.

Major-General Sir Alexander Reid has just undergone an operation for the removal of an Afghan bullet-splitter received at the storming of the Peiwar Kotal in 1879.

In the opinion of the medical officer of the late London School Board, schools should not be closed if small-pox becomes prevalent. The better way, he thinks, is to temporarily exclude unvaccinated children.

HER MAJESTY'S FAVOURITE FLOWERS.

On the occasion of the Queen's visit to the annual flower show of the East London and People's Palace Horticultural Society, to be held at the Palace on July 14, her Majesty will be presented with a bouquet which will consist of orchids and carnations, the Queen's favourite flowers.

LARGE-HEARTED MAN.

Frederick Reckie, a stonemason, of Clerkenwell, came home from his work and had a hearty meal. He then went to sleep.

Later his wife went to look at him, and found he was making a peculiar noise. He became black in the face.

At the inquest yesterday the doctor said the man's heart was three times its normal size. Death was due to heart failure.

SCHOOLGIRL'S MYSTERIOUS DEATH.

A Scottish schoolgirl, aged fourteen, who disappeared from a school at Kingussie, has died under strange circumstances. After being away for five days she appeared at a relative's house in Glasgow in a terribly exhausted state, and died without making any definite statement.

The girl was a native of the Isle of Skye, and was apparently making for her home.

NO ROOM TO HUSTLE.

Speaking at King's College yesterday, Sir John Wolfe Barry said that he did not know how the London traffic problem could be grappled with, unless the authorities recognised the necessity of a heavy outlay now in securing wider streets.

Delays pressed most heavily on the working classes, because to them the loss of time meant loss of money, and the money lost in London every day for want of proper communication was something enormous.

DIVORCE CASE CAUSES BANKRUPTCY.

At the Bankruptcy Court yesterday the discharge of Frederick Crichton, who attributed his failure to the costs of unsuccessful divorce proceedings against his wife—and to loss in connection with a public-house, was suspended for two years.

The liabilities were returned at £1,329, of which £334 represented costs of the divorce proceedings, and nothing has been realised. The failure occurred in March last.

DONKEY THAT DRINKS.

"The blooming donkey won't pass a public-house; she can drink more than you or me," was the excuse offered by Edward Belcher, when spoken to about his ill-treatment of his donkey.

Emma Belcher, his wife, said prisoner only once hit the donkey, which she said would always "draw up near a pub" and stop.

But the West Ham magistrate imposed a fine of 40s., including costs, or twenty-one days' imprisonment.

TESTING ENGLAND'S COINAGE.

At the Goldsmiths' Hall, City, the Trial of the Pox, or the ancient custom of testing the standard of gold and silver coins, was held yesterday.

This is one of the oldest customs retained in this country. The first known writ issued for the Trial of the Pox, or chest containing specimen coins minted, is dated 1281, whilst sixty years later the trial was formally established by King Edward III.

The King's Remembrancer, Lord Dunboyne, presided at the opening of the trial yesterday, there being also present the Deputy-Master of the Mint, and the chief officers of the Mint.

POLICEMAN'S EXPENSIVE BLUNDER.

At Wakefield a constable has been ordered to pay £15 damages to a cabman for assault and false imprisonment.

While the cabman was disputing with a customer about a fare the constable appeared on the scene, charged plaintiff with being drunk, and pushed him to the ground and injured his hand. The cabman was then handcuffed, conveyed to Wakefield, and locked up in a cell all night, whilst his request to see a doctor was not acceded to.

His Honour said he was satisfied that plaintiff was sober, and that the constable assaulted him.

The cost of the transport service for men and stores in connection with the South African war amounted to £19,888,175, says a return just issued by the Admiralty.

Judge Smyly said he would not believe that an organ-grinder defendant at Shoreditch County Court only earned 10s. a week. He thought £3 was well within the mark.

Small-pox has broken out in the Militia encampment of the Royal Leinster Regiment at Molesay, and three privates have been removed to the Dredge Fever Hospital.

In a case at Bangor arising out of a dispute between neighbours, it transpired that one of the disputants had bored a hole through the wall in order to hear what was being said next door.

The Poplar Board of Guardians have passed a resolution approving of the nationalisation of the poor rate. They think that the present poor law system presses far too heavily on the poor districts.

HER SECOND MISFORTUNE.

A fire broke out yesterday on board the China Mutual Company's steamer Ping Suey, lying at Liverpool Docks.

The Ping Suey is the vessel which broke down a few days ago off Scilly, and was towed to Liverpool by tugs.

BABY ROASTED TO DEATH.

Mrs. Evans, the wife of a Senghenydd (Glamorgan) barman, went out, leaving her nine-months-old baby in charge of the grandmother.

When the mother returned she found the grandmother holding the child over the fire with its feet on the coals, and it was so terribly injured that it died in hospital yesterday. The grandmother has been arrested.

LIABILITIES £554,007—ASSETS NIL.

Formerly a railway contractor for Argentina, Uruguay, and Canada, Francis Arthur Bowen, of Finsbury-pavement, has since 1896 been helping to sell patents and doing commission business.

With indebtedness of £554,007, and assets nil, he at yesterday's public examination ascribed his insolvency to depreciation in South American securities.

CAT'S 100-MILE WALK.

Some time ago a lady who was moving to Worthing took her pet cat with her in a hamper from Bedford. But the same night puss was missing.

Three months later the owner ascertained that her pet had been found at Bedford, having taken up its abode in a barrel in the garden of its old home 100 miles away.

For the second time puss was brought to its new home on the Sussex coast, but it has disappeared again, and it is probably now on tramp once more to its old quarters.

HIS FIRST OFFENCE.

Martin Harmer, a cabdriver, pleaded guilty at Stratford to being drunk while in charge of his cab.

His employer, speaking on the man's behalf, said: "He is a fair sample of our profession. He works sixteen or seventeen hours a day, and has not had a day's rest for five years. In twenty-six years he has not had such a charge, and I do hope you'll overlook it."

But the magistrate said he must fine Harmer 10s. and 3s. costs, or ten days.

LARGEST RACING MOTOR.

A motor-car of 150 horse-power, designed to travel 100 miles an hour, is at present in the garage of Messrs. Friswell and Company, of Albany-street, N.W.

It has the largest engine that has ever been placed in a motor-car, and its "bonnet," that is, the covering for the engine, is 5 ft. 10 in. long, and sufficiently big to cover a couple of men.

This leviathan car was built by S. Dobelli, of Rome, for racing, but it has never been in a race. Its cost was originally about £2,000, but the reserve price now placed on it is £1,000.

"GHOST" THAT WAS SHAMED.

The loud barking of his dog at midnight aroused a Gateshead widower, who proceeded with his gun to explore. All at once a phantom in white rose behind the hedge.

Terror-stricken, he managed to ejaculate: "If you come from God, speak! If from the devil, vanish!"

"Wretch," returned the phantom, "I am your deceased wife, come from the grave to warn you not to marry Maria A—, to whom you are making love. The only woman to succeed me is Henrietta B—. Marry her, or persecution and eternal torment shall be your doom."

Taking courage the farmer rushed on the ghostly visitor, to discover none other than Henrietta B— herself.

In consequence of the frequent cases of pocket-picking on the Dover-Calais boats, special detectives now cross with the vessels.

At to-morrow's meeting of the Metropolitan Water Board a letter will be read from Mr. John Burns, M.P., resigning his seat as a member of that authority.

"She was so drunk, your worship," said a constable at the Southwark Police Court, "that she stopped a stranger in the street and accused him of being her husband."

"Much of the disease and temporary or even permanent injury to health suffered by children is the result of personal uncleanness," says a report by the medical officer of the late London School Board.

£70 FOR AN EYE.

At Birmingham Clara Edwards was awarded £70 damages for the loss of an eye.

She was employed as a pin maker, and it was alleged that she was supplied with "springs" wire, which flew off the machine at which she was working, a piece striking her in the eye, destroying the sight.

SCANDERED A LARGE FORTUNE.

At Crewe Ann Platt, wife of a respectable tradesman, was fined 5s. and costs for drunkenness.

The police said she was a pest to society. She had been turned out of many houses, and on Monday her landlord to get her out was obliged to resort to the strictest measures and take out the windows of her house and pull down the doors. Prisoner had squandered a large fortune lately.

SERVED 40,000 SUMMONSES.

At Kingston-on-Thames yesterday the Mayor presented to Warrant-officer Williams, on behalf of the Bench, a watch, on the occasion of his retirement after nearly 30 years' service.

During the greater part of that time P.C. Williams has been the warrant officer attached to the Kingston Police Court, and has served close upon 40,000 summonses.

MOTOR-CAR IN FLAMES.

A large motor-car, belonging to Mr. G. Losser, of De Keyser's Royal Hotel, Victoria Embankment, was being driven along Sutherland-avenue, Paddington, when it suddenly burst into flames, and the two occupants, Albert Salmon, thirty, and George Alexandra, twenty-eight, were badly burned on the hands and arms before they could leap out.

The fire brigade was summoned, but the car was officially ascribed to "smoking tobacco."

BIGGEST BUFFERS IN THE WORLD.

At King's Cross, the Great Northern Railway has just installed five sets of hydraulic buffers, which are the biggest of their kind yet constructed.

Each set of buffers weighs over five tons, and they will bring a train weighing 400 tons, and travelling ten miles an hour, to rest in a space of 7ft.—the length of the stroke of their pistons.

COMMITTEE FELL THROUGH THE CEILING.

At a meeting of the Preston Guardians the chairman asked if the committee appointed to remedy the ventilation of the board-room had come to any decision.

"No, sir," was the reply. "We met and we fell through the ceiling. We haven't finally decided what to recommend, but we ought to have new suits at the expense of the board."

STRAWBERRIES TOO CHEAP TO GATHER.

The strawberry season this year in Hampshire promises to be a record one. It is expected that the total output will be quite 1,500,000 baskets. So plentiful is the crop that, it is stated, many tons of the fruit will not be gathered, as it will not pay to pick them.

ONLY BITES CYCLISTS.

When Joseph Clegg was summoned at Leeds for allowing a ferocious dog, which had bitten three persons, to be at large, he said, "It is only bicyclists that it bites. The dog is quite harmless at home."

The Bench said in that case he ought to have kept it there, and ordered the animal to be destroyed.

FATAL FLANNELETTE.

Flannelette nightgowns have caused the death of two more children this month in Liverpool.

One child of three had his night-clothes set alight through being poked with a match. The other death was caused by a four-year-old child taking a piece of paper at the fire, which set the flannelette it was clad in ablaze.

(For City Intelligence see page 13.)

NONE NEED BE FAT

WHAT 'ANTIPON' CAN DO.

"What is 'Antipon'?" is a question one often hears now; and it is as well that our stout readers should have a correct answer, instead of a misleading account of the newly-discovered fat-absorbent which has awakened so much interest in scientific and other circles.

"Antipon," in fact, is in many respects unique as a curative principle. In the first place it positively cures—radically and permanently cures—the distressing disease of obesity or abnormal fatness. It cures by the gradual absorption and elimination from the body of the useless and dangerous packing of fat that has formed round the internal organs, and also of the subcutaneous fat that has developed into what is vulgarly called a "corporation," into flabby cheeks and double chin, into gross and puffy limbs and massive hips. All this unnecessary, unhealthy, and ugly growth is destroyed and expelled from the system with surprising rapidity by "Antipon," with lifelong benefit to the user.

So rapid is the action of this wonderful cure that the quantity of superfluous adipose matter decreased within a day and night after taking the first dose amounts in weight to something between 8oz. and 3lb. This is the first result in quite ordinary instances of stoutness; in more pronounced cases the decrease will sometimes approach 4lb., as the infallible weigh-machine test has proved. After the initial reduction the decrease is sure and steady. Day by day the scales will tell their tale of diminution until in an incredibly short space of time correct standard proportions of weight and measurement are the assured reward. The doses should then be discontinued. There is no further need for "Antipon's" aid. The desired end has been attained, and the cure may be confidently regarded as lasting. During the course of cure it is quite needless to torture one's self with any unusual abstention from the pleasures of the table, so long as ordinary prudence and temperance are the guiding rules. Of course, one must not go to speak, feed the fat. No person of sense, I suppose, by any kind of treatment, would indulge in fatty foods to excess. For such strict dietary precautions no hard and fast restrictions are required. "Antipon" does its beneficial work solely by itself and requires no aid from semi-starvation, sweating, purging, or other weakening process.

"Antipon," on the contrary, is of the greatest value as a tonic; it encourages and increases appetite, and the desire for wholesome food must be satisfied; for it is part of the work of this splendid medicine to promote the growth of new muscular tissue to compensate for the loss of bulk; to give renewed health and vigour in place of weakness and flabbiness, and to strengthen body, nerve, and brain. Think what a vital difference this exchange must make to one's well-being, energy, and vitality!

"Antipon" is a pleasantly bitter liquid, resembling in colour a rich light red wine. It is guaranteed free from any mineral or other dangerous substance, and could be taken by the most delicate person with advantage to health. Its ingredients are known to, and approved by, a number of medical men to whom they were originally submitted, and have received their unqualified approval and sanction.

Our stout friends may obtain "Antipon" of chemists, stores, etc., in bottles price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 9d., from stock or on order; or, should any difficulty arise, it may be had (on sending remittance) direct from the sole manufacturers, "The 'Antipon' Company," 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

It will be noticed that this is not an expensive "treatment," but a simple and admirable remedy within the reach of modest purses—still another appreciable advantage over other methods of fat reduction.

STRIKING TESTIMONY

from
GREATERFUL MEN AND WOMEN.

"The Original Letters carefully preserved
as Proof of Genuine.

"The Hon. Mrs. B— would like to add to the 'Antipon' Company sending off to her last bottle of 'Antipon.' It has certainly much reduced her. She feels much lighter and better in consequence."

"She is Trimmed and in the world again—I have used 'Antipon' in the case of the very fattest woman I have ever nursed. The result has been marvellous. She is getting smaller and beautifully less every day, and the best part of it is in perfect health now, where before she had all sorts of trouble."

"ANTIPON" IN INDIA.

"The Manager, Army and Navy Stores, Bombay.

"Dear Sirs, Please send me a large bottle of 'Antipon'—I have had a very bad attack of rheumatism for 12 months. I have lost 15lb. in weight, and the reduction since starting it is great (6lb.) for I only weigh 18½ lb. I now can take 1-mile walks with ease. Besides its reducing qualities, another recommendation is its power of reducing GRACEFULLY."

"(Mrs.) R. M. S.—" Bath, April 30th, 1903.

"please dispatch 'urgent' another bottle. It is most successful. I should like to draw your attention to a curious fact. For some months I have been suffering from Eczema; it has been slowly healing ever since the first treatment, and now every place is as healthy as a child's skin."

"Antipon" is sold by Chemists, Stores, etc., in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., from stock or on order; or, in cases of disappointment, may be obtained, on sending amount, post free, privately packed, direct from the "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

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J. E. BLOOM & CO., At Reduced Prices,
J. E. BLOOM & CO., July 4th to 30th.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1904.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Now that we have a war of our own on hand—and this morning's news from Tibet confirms the impression that we have a stiff thistle to grasp in that benighted land—we cannot give our undivided attention to the Russo-Japanese struggle. Yet, in spite of the slackness of recent news, and in spite, too, of the suspension of active operations in the north on account of the rainy season, there are likely to be exciting events coming across the cables before very many days are over.

The centre of interest is Port Arthur once more. With the relentless movement of some stupendous force of Nature, the Japanese troops have been getting nearer and nearer to the doomed fortress all these last few weeks, while we have been hearing so little of them. In Tokio they have, we have every reason to believe, fixed already on the actual date for the final effort which shall deliver it into Japanese hands.

The fall of this stronghold will be one of the greatest military events of modern times. The Russians had persuaded themselves, and half the world with them, that it could never be seriously menaced either from the land or from the sea. That calculation, like so many others, has broken down. It was based not on facts but on the flimsiest of supposition.

The hard-headed Japanese knew better than to build on sand. They laid the foundation of their plan of campaign upon the rock—the bed-rock of experience and common sense. That is why their movements develop with the regularity of a machine, while the Russians stumble hither and thither and are driven from pillar to post, never knowing what a day may bring forth.

And "Punch" is pretty right when he makes Madame Chrysanthemum explain the success of her army system by saying that it is the result of every Japanese "being ready to sacrifice himself for his country—and doing it." With a national spirit like that, success is bound to come.

Will Britain's sons, when her next trial draws nigh, be animated by such a spirit? Or are we, as Mr. George Meredith fears, "afraid of being called out and shot at?"

THE FITNESS OF THINGS!

When Earlswood Asylum was built the builders evidently "went the whole hog." They must have said to themselves, "This is to be an idiot asylum. We must build it on an idiot plan." And so they did, for they omitted to lay any foundations!

The amazing thing is that this should only just have been discovered. The state of things now, however, is so serious that disaster is feared unless a large sum of money is immediately spent, and the public are invited to subscribe this money without delay.

The King, having for the moment done all he can for Bart's, is lending his name to this appeal, and has given something towards the £230,000 required. What a laugh his Majesty must have had over the original builders' odd idea of the fitness of things.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

"One of the most painful things to my mind, to be seen in England is this, that amongst the great body of those classes which earn their living by their daily labour, there is an absence of that hope which every man ought to have that there is *him*, if he be industrious and frugal, a comfortable independence as he advances in life."—John Bright.

WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY.



The rains in Southern Manchuria usually last for four weeks. During that period the rainfall is torrential with intermittent sunshine, and of such a character as to render any great military movement practically impossible. — (Telegram from the front.)

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

"Eton versus Harrow" at Lord's to-morrow, and the marked falling off in the concert advertisements mark another stage in the gradual decay of the season of 1904. To-morrow night's state ball will be the last of the great entertainments of the year, unless, indeed, the Prince and Princess of Wales should give a dance at Marlborough House. The theatres are beginning to close until the autumn, and music is rapidly packing up its trunks. Soon after the King and Queen have left London on July 19 there will be about five million people left in town.

* * *

Sir Trevor Lawrence, who, as Treasurer of Bart's, received the King yesterday afternoon, is famous as the possessor of the first known collection of orniths in the world. If Mr. Chamberlain should visit Sir Trevor's collection near Bow Bridge, just under Bow Hill, he would be comparatively happy, whatever happened to fiscal reform. Otherwise Sir Trevor is not remarkable. He is a typically respectable, rich Englishman who has sat in Parliament, and that is all.

* * *

A far more interesting personality is that of Sir William Treloar, who also helped to do the honours at Bart's. He is not exactly a self-made man, for he began life with a fairly prosperous father, instead of the proverbial half-crown. But he has made himself very much liked and respected by all sorts of good deeds. He is especially fond of making children happy. His cripple children's Christmas hamper has become an institution for which thousands of poor little creatures bless his name every year.

* * *

In stature he towers above all his fellow aldermen of the City, and his features are so striking that Queen Victoria once singled him out at a Jubilee function as "that handsome man," whom she wished to be presented to her. He can tell a rare good story and make a capital speech, and he is always fighting the battle of progress in some direction or other, whether it be for a sensible Sunday or for the widening of City streets. His carpet shop on Ludgate Hill is as well known as St. Paul's.

* * *

Lord Northampton is not the kind of landlord who gives his tenants a garden-party (as he did yesterday in Regent's Park) in order to prevent them from asking him to do necessary repairs. He is a model property owner in all ways, and his district in Clerkenwell is as well looked after as any in London. He employs women as rent collectors, and their duties include reporting to him any cases in which help is needed. Nor is it ever needed without being given so far as his means permit. He is one of the best of peers.

* * *

Will Crooks, M.P. (he doesn't care about the "Mr."), who is so much excited about the "gagging" of the House over the Licensing Bill, has very strong views about public-houses. He calls the publican the poor man's worst enemy; and he has been a very poor man, so he knows. He began life in a workhouse school, where he was "always hungry," and every inch of the way to his present position has been won by his own unaided exertions.

* * *

Naturally he is a man impatient of all shams and absurdities, among which he classes Court dress, as well as the Parliamentary guillotine. When he was Mayor of Poplar he did not attend the King's reception of the London mayors because

he had no Court suit, and "would not wear a hired dress for anything." What he generally wears is with unconscious irony described as a "lounge suit." Will Crooks has done many things in his time, but no one ever yet saw him lounge.

* * *

Fact has justified Fiction again, then. Mrs. Lyttelton can now produce a police report as evidence of the accuracy of "Warp and Woof." But her play is still open to one objection. I am told by an authority that "fitters" would never be on such terms of familiarity with work-girls as Mrs. Lyttelton supposes. Nor would the same "fitter" be in the least likely to fit both a bodice and a skirt. "Fitters" are, in fact, most important people, and their opinion of Mrs. Lyttelton is not high.

* * *

There are two kinds of guide books. The one kind tells you merely certain things that are useful, such as the fact that at a certain hotel you can get a room for five shillings, or that in a certain museum there is a particular kind of munificence to be seen. The other kind gossips pleasantly, but leaves you uninformed on points of this kind.

* * *

Almost the only guide I have ever seen which is both good reading and a useful storehouse of hard fact is Mr. C. E. Pascoe's "London of To-day" (London, Is. net). It really is a "book," which other guides are not. You might sit and read it through and feel that you had spent a pleasant hour or so. As for its value to the stranger—well, if I knew nothing at all about London, I should feel quite safe with this. Whether I had much or little money to spend, Mr. Pascoe would certainly help me to spend it to the best advantage.

* * *

"The old order changes" even at Goodwood. For many years this delightful fixture, which comes right at the close of the season, has been more like a garden-party than a race-meeting. Now the new Duke of Richmond is doing what he can to give it importance again as a Turf event. All sorts of changes have been made under the direction of Mr. Davis, who is largely responsible for the popularity of Hurst Park. Everyone who cares about Goodwood is hoping that it will never be anything like the Thames-side meeting.

* * *

The Duke of Richmond is a man who is seen about very little. He has had rather a sad life. He married twice, both times for love, and each of his wives died after a few years of happy married life. This has naturally left its mark upon his nature. His handsome, soldier's face has a sad expression (though he would hate you to notice it), and when he went to South Africa in command of a Militia regiment he would not have been sorry to end his life on a battlefield. He is devoted to his daughters, though, and in the end was very glad to come home safe and sound.

* * *

No musical entertainment given or patronised by society is complete nowadays without Mr. Landor Ronald, who has just given one of the most successful concerts of the year. By terrific energy he has pulled himself up from the very dregs of the world of musicians, and he means to stay there. When he was young he was confined to his mother that he meant to be a composer, a conductor, and a musical critic. She explained that he must wait till he was grey-haired for the first, until he was at least forty for the second, and that as for being a critic, that spelt starvation. Yet in his thirty-second year he is already well known in all three capacities.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Hero of "Gentlemen v. Players."

Only once before have a couple of centuries been made by one batsman in a Gentlemen and Players match. R. E. Foster once got 102 not out and 136. King has come very close to this with his 104 and 109 not out.

The Leicestershire professional's success was thoroughly well deserved, for it is due to sheer hard work and determination. Everything King does, he does as well as ever he can. He is not a brilliant batsman, but he plays a sound game, and when he hits, he hits hard.

In the same way his bowling (he both bats and bowls left-handed) has nothing very remarkable about it. He gets wickets by skill and persistence in sending down moderately good balls. He fields keenly in the slips. In fact, he plays cricket with his head as well as his hands.

It was a piece of luck that got him into the Players' team. When Tyldesley fell ill, a fresh man had to be got at short notice. King, as a member of the ground staff at Lord's, was on the spot, and they commandedeered him.

He has more than justified his selection. He has won his place in the front rank of first-class cricketers. He will not talk much about it, for he is a silent man, and has sometimes even been called surly. But he feels very pleased about it "inside," for a keen and conscientious cricketer never undervalues the joy of showing what he can do when he gets a chance.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Cannot Mr. Pigott Be Arrested for Blasphemy in Declaring Himself To Be Jesus Christ?

He certainly might be proceeded against under this head, but it is a little doubtful whether a conviction could be secured.

If he preached his doctrine in a public place he would no doubt be charged with being a nuisance and using language calculated to cause a breach of peace.

But so long as he confines himself to private services it is difficult for any action to be taken which would not merely have the effect of giving him an advertisement.

He cannot even be shut up in a lunatic asylum, where he obviously ought to be, unless his relatives proceed in the matter, or he creates a disturbance in public.

SPECIAL.

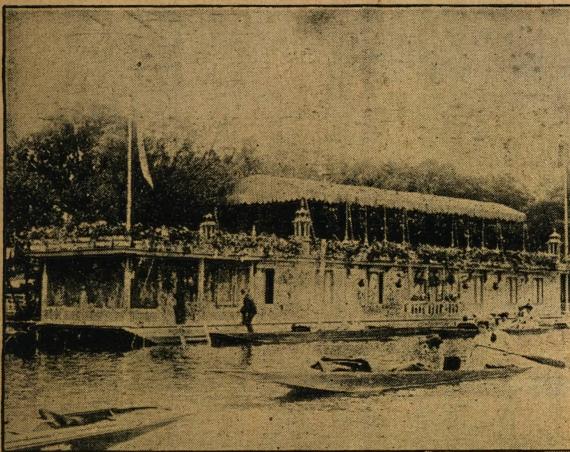
St. Petersburg, via Sandwich, Greenwich, and Timbuctoo, June 10.—Popular feeling is at fever heat because of the cowardly and inhuman conduct of the Japanese in their recent bombardment of the British fleet. Advices from Port Arthur are that the Russians were asleep when attacked, and no warning whatever had been sent them of the enemy's intentions.

A Russian general has written a letter home, in which he rebukes the Japanese in no uncertain terms for their cruelty in making attacks upon the Russians while the latter are not looking.—"Life" (American).

A PASSING TROUBLE.

It is suggested in a contemporary that the windows of the poor should be provided with bars to prevent children falling into the street. As the writer points out, it does the children no good, and only annoys passers-by.—"Vanity Fair" (London).

DECORATED HOUSEBOAT AT HENLEY.



The Cigarette, a charmingly-decorated houseboat causing admiration at Henley. It is owned by Mr. L. Stivents, and is one of the prettiest house-boats to be seen at the famous regatta.

PECKHAM'S FAT BOY AS A RUNNER.



At the Music-hall Sports on Tuesday at Herne Hill a novel race was witnessed between the famous Fat Boy of Peckham and his companion, Little Dando. Our photograph depicts the finish of the contest, the Fat Boy proving an easy winner.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE'S UNIQUE INNOVATION. HE WILL APPEAR IN FOUR PIECES AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



To-night at His Majesty's Theatre Mr. Tree will produce a revue of the whole season, including one act of "The Darling of the Gods." Above photograph shows Mr. Tree in that famous play. (Photograph by Ellis and Walery.)



There will also be the Westminster Hall scene from "Richard II," with Mr. Tree as Richard. The famous actor is seen in that character in above photograph. (Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.)



A useful map, showing the position of the British forces in Gyantse, which was yesterday stormed and taken, is shown roads leading to the forbidden city of Lhasa, to which husband will now fight his way.

KING AND QUEEN ON



Yesterday their Majesties laid the foundation stone

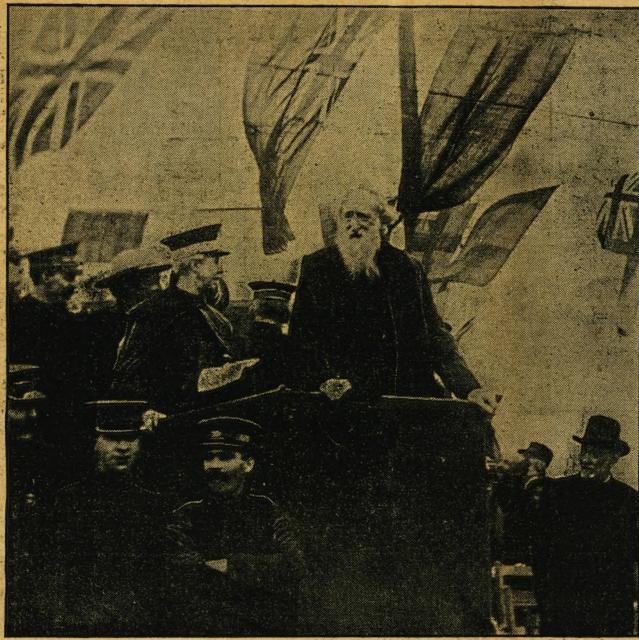


Two short scenes from "Twelfth Night" will also be produced, in which Miss Viola Tree will again appear as Viola, and Mr. Tree as Malvolio, in which character he is depicted above.

SALVATIONISTS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



Tibet. The fort near
n, together with the
lace Colonel Young-



A striking photograph of General Booth, addressing the Salvationists at the Crystal Palace. Over 100,000 Salvationists and their friends visited the Palace on Tuesday and took part in the various demonstrations organised by the Salvation Army.

THIER WAY TO BART'S.



of the new wing at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Y'S THEATRE TO-NIGHT.



Mr. Tree in "The Man who Was," a scene of which will be produced at His Majesty's Theatre to-night, after which Mr. Tree is expected to make a special announcement.—(Photograph by F. W. Bainton.)



Miss Edith Neville, winner of the first prize in the "Pelican" competition, "Who is the Smartest Lady this Season?"—(Photo, Ellis and Walery.)

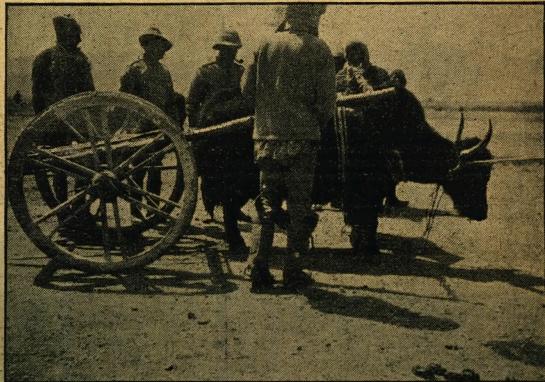


The famous Leicester cricketer, Knight, who was seriously injured on Tuesday. His left hand was smashed, one bone being broken.

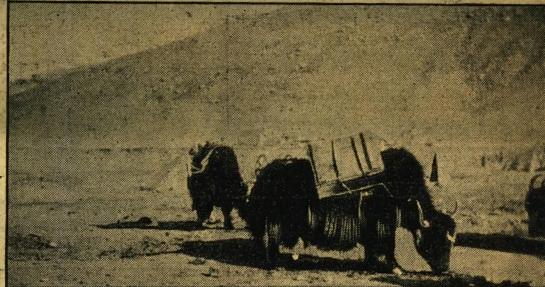
EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS FROM TIBET.



The beast of burden in Tibet is the yak. A well-known traveller once described it as "a cross between a buffalo and an ox." The above photograph, just to hand from Tuna, in Tibet, shows one of these curious animals taking his first lesson in harness. Until it is broken to the saddle the yak has to be handled very cautiously. The one shown in our picture gored a Tibetan prisoner badly shortly after our photograph was taken.



The second stage in breaking a yak to harness. Training the animal to draw an ekka, the conveyance of Tibet.



The yak as a pack animal. Many hundreds of these animals were purchased by the British Mission to convey stores. A peculiar kind of foot-and-mouth disease broke out amongst them, giving the authorities considerable trouble and anxiety.



A striking photograph of a British encampment in Tibet. Notice the tents on the left and a number of ponies on the right. These latter have thirteen miles of very hilly and dangerous roads to traverse every day. They are, however, working uncommonly well.

IDEAL SUMMER TOILETTES AT HENLEY REGATTA.

FASHION ON THE RIVER.

A PERFECT DAY FOR THE GREAT THAMES FETE.

Yesterday a bright sun and a gentle breeze made weather that was absolutely perfect for Henley, and as a consequence the club lawns, houseboats, and every point of vantage were ablaze with beautifully-dressed women and coolly-attired men in summer flannels and holiday headgear.

Linen and muslin gowns were, of course, in the ascendant; nothing is more suitable for an aquatic fete than at least a semblance of simplicity, and this the so-called washing dresses provide.

One lovely gown that was sketched there is illustrated on this page. It was made of the palest straw-coloured batiste, embellished with broderie Anglaise carried out in light blue. Folds of orange taffetas were arranged beneath the front of the blouse, and the same material formed the girdle, which was threaded through a dull gold buckle in front. The Leghorn hat matched the toilette precisely in tint, and was trimmed with apricot-coloured roses and pale azure strings.

Picturesque Morland Hats.

The most effective millinery was decidedly that of the Morland type, with the tall crown and the flopping brim in which that painter loved to delineate his sitters. We seem already to have departed quite a measurable distance from the mushroom hat, which was, however, well to the fore at Henley yesterday, and looked extremely picturesque with a simple trimming of tulle or ribbon ruching and strings to match. Every hat to which a soft ruffle could be given as a lining to the brim had one; there is certainly much to praise in the revival of this quaint fashion, which exercises a most softening influence over a pretty face.

The prevalent colours were palest pink and blue, a fresh green and a delicate mauve. All the uncommon and aesthetic colours, such as ashes of roses, puce, and onion, are less appropriate at a sylvan fete than the primitive ones that prevailed.

The Vogue in Vests.

One of the keynotes of the present modes is decidedly the waistcoat, even with the linen toilettes, for upon it depends much of the smartness of the most modern fashions. The waistcoat may be quite a simulated affair attached to the Eton coat or blouse, or it may be a separate garment, sleeveless, of course, after the manner of its masculine prototype. The simulated waistcoat is merely a border or edge extending beyond that of the coat, but it is a highly important detail.

Mustard yellow, which is one of this season's favourite colours, was seen at Henley, introduced into the hyacinth and porcelain blue suits, and shades of rose, champagne tints, and the tones known as coral appeared as the relief of white frocks.

Plain waistcoats of duck and piqué made a smart addition to the white serge costumes that were a little less fairy-like in appearance than the majority of toilettes. The latest little coat model, however, is full on the shoulders, has its fronts bordered by bands of black satin which cross and end at the back of the neck. The coat fronts when closed cover almost all the waistcoat, but when opened the vest is found to be a satin affair, often black embroidered, in all the shades of cornflower blue with an admixture of bright gold threads.

An Increase in the Size of Sleeves.

The very full sleeves of the moment were well in evidence. They end half-way between the elbow and wrist with a stiff little lace ruff, the successor of the cascade of lace, and, in those cases in which a figure waistcoat is worn, from this point to the wrist a plain cuff of piqué appears, fastening like a shirt cuff with button holes. A very short basque is given to many of the little coat bodices, and a belt of white kid striped with colour is employed to keep the back in place, while it slips unobtrusively under the loose fronts and there is fastened.

Fashion's dictate that a white girdle shall be worn by every woman who can assume it with credit and appearance was made patent at Henley. The belt once so well shaped that they can often be adapted easily by robust maidens, as they curve properly and give the waist its proper hinge. But it is the slight girl who naturally delights in the high corset, which is effective and

comfortable whether made of taffetas of the plain, blossomed, or shot kind, or of soft leather.

On the houseboats in the cool of the evening the new Granny shawls are worn. They are made in every colour and in almost any material, such as crépe, silk, or even old-world looking cashmere. The typical Granny shawl is perfectly square. It must be folded so that the point comes down in the middle of the back, and it is thrown over the shoulders and fastened upon the centre of the corsage. It should be secured with a big old-fashioned cameo brooch, for this is the smart fastening for it. There are other ways, however, of wearing the shawl which the ingenuity of individual girls suggests.

WINDOWS OF THE SOUL.

HOW TO ENHANCE THE BEAUTY OF THE EYES.

The beauty of the eyes depends upon several details, the most conspicuous of which is probably size. "How can I make my eyes larger?" is a question that is frequently asked. To make the eyes larger seems an almost impossible task, yet it can be done. People who are thin often appear

suit in a very severe headache. Take care of the eyes if you want to look lovely.

If the eyelashes are too short, don't cut them in the hope of increasing their growth. The plan succeeds with children sometimes, but not with adults. Bathe the eyes in boracic acid, keep the lids healthy, and the lashes will take care of themselves. As for the eyebrows, they can and must be trained. Take a little of the best almond oil and put it into a bottle. Set the bottle in a cup of boiling water, and when the almond oil has become warm all the way through apply a little of it to the eyebrows.

The Beauty of the Brows.

Numbers of people have imperfect eyebrows; they are either too thin or too thick. They are so scanty that they cannot be seen, or they beatle the eyes and look scowling and menacing. To train the eyebrows is somewhat of a task. Take a little red vaseline and melt it over hot water. Now procure a tiny camel's hair brush and dip it in the soft red vaseline. Apply this to the eyebrows with much care, painting them, so to speak, and making a pretty curve. Do not try to go over the whole eyebrow at once, but treat it gently as one would paint a picture. This can be easily done with the aid of a slender brush.

There are eyes that would be pretty were they not for the puffiness beneath them. This is the result of a disordered system, and can often be dissipated by copious draughts of pure cold water. Eye puffiness comes also from sleeping too much and in a room that is badly ventilated. Weeping eyes are dreadful; if there is an obstruction of the tear duct, the eyes will weep or run. They should be looked at by an oculist, who will clear the tear duct of obstacles and probably prescribe glasses. Do not neglect weeping eyes.

Near-sighted people usually frown. The only remedy is glasses. But if the frown is merely a habit, it can be cured by a little perseverance. Look in the glass and see if you frown. If there is a scowl on your face remove it, and see how different your look without it. Learn to control your eyes; that is the greatest step that can be taken towards a beautiful expression.

CORK FURNITURE.

To furnish a doll's-house collect as many corks and bungs as you can and get a few ounces of coloured beads, all one size, with two or three dozen big ones, a packet of pins, and a small skein of wool. Slice up the corks crossways to make the seats of the chairs and the table tops. The bungs will do for the sofa sets.

Slip half-a-dozen of the beads on a pin, putting a bit of cork at each end, and dip the points into the slices of cork to make the chair legs. The chair and sofa backs are made with plain pins, and the wool laces across them from side to side. If the furniture is to be very grand, paint the cork with enamel or gilt it.

AN OBSERVING MOTHER.

Learns the Value of a Good Food.

Not many people realise the rebuilding power of a good food.

A grateful mother living in Saxmundham, Suffolk, writes:—

"When my little girl was twenty-one months old she was a helpless, ailing little mite, always fretful and weak, and for three weeks I quite despaired of her living. I doctored her for a month, and then the doctor told me to give her all the nourishing things I could, including red gravy, cod-liver oil, and meat extract, but I could not get her to retain anything. I tried several well-known infants' foods and oat flours, but nothing suited her till I tried Grape-Nuts. I simply poured boiling water on the Grape-Nuts and strained it, and fed her with that, and now she eats the Grape-Nuts with the new milk in the proper way; and I can truthfully say that Grape-Nuts and nothing else has been the means of getting her on. She is never sick, her bowels act properly, and her teeth are coming through with less trouble. Both myself and my husband feel truly grateful to see the improvement in her, and we will do all we can to recommend Grape-Nuts."

NAME given by the Grape-Nuts Co., 66, Shoe-lane, London, E.C.

Many mothers with sick babes have discovered that the warm water poured over Grape-Nuts carries with it a volume of nourishment; in reality it is the grape sugar washed off each little granule of the food, and is a most remarkable form of nourishment. Of course, adults eat the food entire with cream or milk.

THE LAVENDER COLLAR.

No bulging at the throat. Sets perfectly (permanently) showing tie off to the best possible advantage. Made in all sizes, from 12 to 24 in. Sample collar 7/1d., including our new illustrated Price List post free, or half price if you send 2d. postage. These are not the cheap, nasty collars, but a genuine article at a fair price. Order from C. G. Co., Ltd., London, S.W.

Beauty.

ICILIMA FLUOR CREAM, Nature's harmless complexion tonic, immediately restores the delicate pearls of the skin to a healthy, shining, even texture. It is a gentle, non-oily cream, easily absorbed. Postage 1s. Send 2d. stamps for two samples (different scents).—Icilmia Co., Ltd. (Dept. B), 142, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.

A lovely frock of linen de soie, the colour champagne yellow, is depicted here, decorated with eyelet hole embroidery executed in pale blue silk.

CHILDREN AND THE CRAB RACE.

A dry land crab race is a very amusing game for the little ones, and is played in this manner:—A starter and an umpire are needed for the crab race, which should be run on soft green turf. Ten yards or thirty feet is quite long enough for it. The racers kneel down on all fours and form in line at the starting point, with their backs towards the winding post. At the signal off they go, each one crawling backwards.

The race is not always to the swift. It is not at all easy to keep in a straight line, and every time a racer turns to look over his shoulder he loses time and ground. There will be collisions, bumps, and all sorts of little mishaps, which will thoroughly amuse the spectators and the children, too.

Though a lawn is not very hard upon stockings, small beings who wear socks are mostly encouraged by their nurses to enter for this race, and young Jack Tars in immaculate white ducks are advised to refrain from the contest.

to have eyes that are large and pretty, for fat crowds the eyes and makes them look cramped, so the woman who has let her face get so fat that her eyes are made to look small should begin by reducing the size of her face by massage.

Frowning lines on the forehead spoil the eyes, so they must be massaged away. To banish those between the eyes use a good wrinkle cream, made of mutton tallow, white wax, and almond oil in equal parts. Melt these ingredients together, scent them with oil of geranium, and the result will be a capital unguent.

To make the eyes clear bathe them once a day in boracic acid lotion, made by adding a little powdered borax to a basin of warm water. This softens the water and makes a very agreeable wash for the eyes.

Don't try to read in a fading light, and don't let the eyes pain, stopping the instant they begin to hurt. Don't read in a rocking chair, for the constantly changing focus will in time make the eyes ache, and perhaps injure the optic nerve. Don't read in the train, for the same reason. Don't read when suffering from indigestion, for this will re-

ANGELA

53, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.

The smartest Costumière and Milliner in the West End.—Vide Fashionable Press Opinions.

CHIC SPECIALTIES.

HATS . . . 1 to 3 Guineas.

BLouses . . . 2 to 5 Guineas.

COSTUMES 5 to 20 Guineas.

Terms—Cash or London Trade Reference. Country orders under £5 cash with order.

FASHIONS IN ROSES.

Eau de Nil Coloured Specimen
the Attraction at Temple
Gardens.

Thousands of roses shed sweet fragrance in Temple Gardens yesterday. In spacious marques erected on the beautiful lawns running down to the Embankment the National Rose Society held their annual exhibition.

Roses of every conceivable hue, the most delicate shades and tints, were to be seen, every flower of a charm of colour peculiarly its own, old and new favourites mixed together and blended their perfumes and tints.

A new rose to many people was the Maman-lochet. It was to be found as a delicate lemon-yellow, and in a variety of different shades from

white to palest pink. The Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, a sturdy pure-white rose with a delicious fragrance, and Mrs. Crawford were other beautiful new varieties.

There were old-fashioned cabbage roses, little simple briars of every colour, and masses of crimson ramblers, some trailing over rustic arches.

A green rose, almost can de nil in colour—"Just the colour of my new hat," as an enthusiastic lady visitor exclaimed, amidst a torrent of admiring adjectives—and a deep crimson rose, so covered with velvety bloom as to look almost black in its heart, were two of the attractions of the show.

Dinner-table Decorations.

In the principal tents several dinner-tables decorated with roses gave hints to prospective hostesses; and the glittering array of silver cups offered as prizes sent many would-be rose growers away full of plans for next year, when they, too, would exhibit.

It was possible to buy roses, for nearly every exhibitor had brought a big box of blossoms with him, and every lady went away with a buttonhole.

"There is one person you will have to see this afternoon, all the same," he replied with some decision, taking her nervous, trembling hand in his, "and that individual is Dr. Seton." I sent one of the grooms over to his house with a note this morning, asking the doctor to come round after lunch, and I expect those are the wheels of his carriage that we hear now."

"I hate doctors," replied Margaret, with a touch of irritation in her manner; "they never did me much good, and they won't now; besides, I have nothing worse than a bad cough to complain of." She made a feeble attempt at smiling cheerfully, and then added quickly, "I shall get stronger as I get happier; indeed, Robert, I feel better already."

"And a good tonic will quite pick you up," he went on, with fine masculine assurance; "Dr. Seton is a clever man and has nothing of the quack or the humbug about him; you are bound to like him." As the Premier spoke the footman came down the path, and explained that Dr. Seton had arrived and was waiting in the morning-room to see Mrs. Chevenix.

Margaret rose to her feet with a little shrug of the shoulders. She had been just a little wilful in the old days, and it seemed as if happiness might revive a touch of waywardness in her nature now.

"Shall I come with you, or would you rather see the man alone?" asked Robert Chevenix. He gazed at Margaret with some admiration, for she was looking particularly pretty at the moment, and the sunbeams flickered caressingly over her hair and dress.

"Oh! I would rather talk to him alone, please," she replied nervously, clasping and unclasping her hands, and then, as though summing up her courage, she made a brisk movement forwards, taking her swift way across the lawn.

Robert Chevenix followed her with his eyes till she disappeared into the house. He did not feel very uneasy over the forthcoming interview between his wife and the doctor; true, Margaret had got into a low, nervous state, but small wonder, poor little woman—small wonder!

He dismissed the subject from his mind and picked up Beatrice's letter again, reading it carefully through.

Beatrice was a clever letter-writer; indeed, the lost art of letter-writing seemed to revive again in her, and her letters were witty and distinctive. She was good at vivid word pictures and could express a great deal in a single sentence, and she enjoyed writing to her father, for he apparently understood her moods and grasped her humour from her epistles. "How happy she is, how passionately and magnificently happy," murmured the man to himself, "the letter is alive with joy."

The pigeons were cooing to each other in the woods surrounding the house, and the peaceful expression of their innocent loves chimed in with the mild languor of the hot spring afternoon. A bee made a heavy buzz as it flew from flower to flower, whilst the sun threw long shadows over the grass, bright bands of entangled light.

The Premier sank into a drowsy state. He had not been so lazy for a long time, or allowed himself to drift gently through an idle hour.

He was generally his own taskmaster, and a peculiarly hard one, but now, for once in a way, he was content to be a lotus-eater, ready to think gratefully of a land in which it seemed always afternoon.

"Yes," repeated Margaret, rather absent-mindedly, for her quick ear had caught the sound of carriage wheels, at which she bent forward and put her hand a little nervously on her husband's arm. "I said 'out' to all visitors; you don't mind, do you, Robert; somehow I dare not see people?"

The band of the 1st Life Guards played during the afternoon, and tea and strawberries were served at small tables under the trees, so, after a turn round the tents, most people stayed chatting to their friends in the charming gardens.

FIVEPENNY RABBITS.

Smithfield Overwhelmed with Great Quantities from Australia.

Smithfield Meat Market swarms with Australian rabbits. The number is so great that instead of costing sevenpence or more they can be bought on an average for less than fivepence.

The cause of the glut is the crusade undertaken by the Australian Government against these animals. It has been found necessary to put on a large number of men at £1 a week and their board, simply to capture them. Otherwise the crop would be ruined.

The method of killing them is to share them in nets, and then pinch them across the back. Some-

times a single haul on an acre of land will yield more than 1,000.

"They are sent over here in cold storage, and for the last ten days the Liverpool docks, where they are landed, have been simply littered with them."

ADVERTISEMENTS IN TUNE.

A correspondent in the "Tatler" suggests "that a tuneful part song sung by four really good voices in the streets of London would form a most effective method of advertising."

A *Mirror* representative was unable yesterday to find any advertisement manager who shared this belief.

"Singing in the streets would be of absolutely no use," said the head of one of the most important agencies, "unless we could get some of the queens of song or a *De Reszke* to accept our terms, which I am afraid is not very probable."

"We have had offers from music-hall singers, but we have closed with none, as no manager would allow songs of such a character to be sung."

The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XXXI. A Crisis At Hand.

"Wedding cards!" Margaret spoke with a little start of surprise. She and her husband had finished lunch, and were sitting in a sunny corner of the lawn, Margaret leaning back luxuriously in a large wicker chair, her head comfortably propped against a pile of soft cushions. She wore a stole of white marabout thrown over her shoulders, the soft white feathers blending charmingly with her grey frock.

The Premier was in another wicker chair, and he had the air of a man lazily bent on enjoying himself. A magazine lay on the grass by his side, also a pile of the weekly illustrated papers, and he was puffing slowly at a cigar.

"Whose wedding cards?" asked Robert Chevenix, smiling. "Weddings seem in the air; but why do you look so surprised, Margaret? You mustn't get such a nervous, worried expression."

He took the cards from her hand as he spoke, and glanced carelessly at them, adding, with a slight laugh as he handed her the silver-edged pastebounds back again. "So the little wife has married Colenso Grimwood? Beatrice took her to I mean, and made another fuss over her. Clever chap, Grimwood; yes, they thought well of him in India, and he owns a nice estate. Mrs. Blandford has done a good thing in marrying him."

Margaret Chevenix hardly heard her husband's words. She was still staring blankly at the card she held in her hand. So Amy Blandford had trusted herself blindly to fate and circumstance and had married Julian Grimwood, she knowing full well that her husband was alive.

What would Paul Carew do if he ever found out the truth, and what sort of vengeance would fall on Amy?

Margaret awoke from these reflections with a start, to notice that Robert Chevenix was looking hard at her. He also had received a letter, and apparently the perusal had pleased him, for a smile lingered on his lips.

"Now that you have come back to the world of present things," he remarked, half jokingly, "and can condescend to pay me some attention, I will tell you my news. I have heard from my daughter, and she tells me that Mr. Heron made a big speech at Chelmsford on behalf of our candidate. He is going to do good work, that son-in-law of mine; I feel confident of that, quite confident."

"Yes," repeated Margaret, rather absent-mindedly, for her quick ear had caught the sound of carriage wheels, at which she bent forward and put her hand a little nervously on her husband's arm. "I said 'out' to all visitors; you don't mind, do you, Robert; somehow I dare not see people?"

All at once he roused himself to erect attention. He heard the sound of quick footsteps crossing the lawn; evidently Doctor Seton was coming to tell him the result of his interview with Margaret.

Robert Chevenix straightened his back as the man does who has nearly been caught napping, and then rose to greet the neat little man who advanced sharply to meet him.

The two shook hands, the Premier making some careless remark about the weather and the beauty of the spring flowers, whilst the other replied in the same vein, and then fell silent.

"You've seen Mrs. Chevenix?" inquired Robert Chevenix at last, wondering a little why the other did not speak. "I asked you to drive over here, Seton, because she seemed so weak and nervous this morning."

"You did well," replied the other, "but I am afraid Mrs. Chevenix is more ill than you suppose. She has a very nasty cough, and there is some lung trouble, and, altogether, I am very uneasy about her health. Then, again, she seems very much depressed. I presume that she has no cause to be so troubled or distressed?" The little doctor twisted the ends of his sharp moustache; he was obviously ill at ease and worried over his patient.

"My wife has been much worried about a relation you have told me about her health comes as a great shock," he added slowly, "a very great shock indeed."

"Her condition has largely been brought about by mental trouble," continued the doctor; "but, hush, not a word more, Mrs. Chevenix is crossing the lawn now. I will come round to-morrow and have a talk with you about her."

Robert Chevenix, without speaking a word, let him go. He understood what why Margaret was so depressed, and his heart smote him, and yet he felt powerless to help her. He could not tell the woman he loved her; yet that was what the poor soul was thristing to hear; she was doubtless being consumed in the flame of her own passion.

"Has Doctor Seton been telling you about my health?" Margaret asked, coming up to the Premier, and glancing at him with a peculiar smile playing on her white face. "He has been talking very seriously to me," she went on slowly, "just as if it mattered."

"It does matter," answered Robert Chevenix calmly, "it matters a great deal. It appears that you are not as strong as I thought you were, Margaret, and you must take more care of yourself."

"For what purpose?" her voice grew very scornful. "Do you think I have any desire to lengthen my days? I feel utterly miserable, and I have no wish to live—what is the good of my life to me?" and she asked the question very bitterly.

The Premier hesitated for a second. He hardly knew what to say or do. He desired, above all things, to comfort the unhappy woman, and yet he dared not deceive her with false vows—dared not act the lover's part.

"Don't you think you mean something to me, Margaret?" he ventured at last; "will you not desire to live for my sake?"

"For your sake," she repeated his words in a warm whisper, and then gazed hard and searchingly at him. "Do you mean what you say, Robert?" she asked nervously. "Your face looks so cold and

stern all the time. Oh, you are so utterly different from the Robert Chevenix who loved me; you hardly seem the same man."

"What nonsense," interrupted the Premier hastily, "a man cannot keep his youth for ever. Try and be reasonable, Margaret, and accept things as they are. I do love you," he blundered the words out, convinced that he must say something to avert her dawning suspicion.

"You love me—say the words again, Robert, say them as if you meant them," she implored him passionately. "Darling, is it possible that life holds an Indian summer for us, after all?"

"An Indian summer?" he replied stupidly, dazed by her flashing eyes and the change that had come over her face; "what do you mean?"

"Oh, you know what I mean, Robert?" she replied, with a faint touch of impatience. "Why parry the question?" She laughed half hysterically, and went on, "You may send that little doctor away when he comes here to-morrow, for I shall not need any of his medicine. You will be my doctor; your love is all the medicine I want. Why, if I were on my deathbed, Robert, I believe I would get up and come to you, if you called me." A fit of coughing interrupted her. "This wretched cough," she muttered fretfully; "but I shall lose now I am going to be so happy."

"Not if you linger in the garden when the dew is falling," cried the Premier, stooping down and touching the turf with his hand. "Why, the grass is quite wet," he exclaimed, "and you are standing here in your thin house-shoes! Go in at once, Margaret, and do not play such pranks with your health again."

She laughed low and happily. "Oh! what a martinet you are getting, but I will be an obedient wife and obey your commands." She turned to cross the lawn, and then paused, looking at him shyly. "Let us talk of old times to-night, Robert," she said softly, "and won't you call me by my pet name? It would be so delightful to hear the name again."

"Your pet name?" The man bit his lip and gazed at Margaret stupidly, for in truth he hardly knew what to say. He was not in the least prepared for such a question.

"Have you forgotten it? Why, no—no—that would be impossible."

"Why should it be impossible?" asked the Premier nervously; "I have always thought of you as 'Margaret.' Pet names are rather foolish, and I don't like them."

"But you cannot have forgotten—you are only teasing me," cried Margaret after a long pause. "Oh, for Heaven's sake, Robert, call me by the name again."

"Do not be so childish," the Premier answered with a frown, "and, as I said before, Margaret, step off the damp grass."

"Both the damp grass," she replied impatiently, "and, if you have forgotten the name you were once so fond of, the name you gave me yourself, for the matter of that," her voice had grown shrill and high, "why, when you dress for dinner this evening, look at the word tattooed on your arm—just above the elbow." She stared hard at the Premier as she spoke, and he felt that the woman had her doubts—and now how was he to satisfy her?

To be continued to-morrow.

CLEAN CLOTHES

Fels-Naphtha soap washes clothes whiter, makes the colour run less, shrinks wool less than any other soap in the world.

No copper fire; very little rubbing—half the labour of washday saved and half the wear on the clothes.

Fels-Naphtha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

SALVATIONIST LAND OF PROMISE.

General Booth Considering the Purchase of a Tropical Island with 30,000 Buffaloes.

The Salvation Army Congress is responsible, among other things, for directing public attention to what is possibly the largest buffalo-shoot now in existence.

When General Booth announced that he had been offered, on reasonable terms, an island more than a million acres in extent, and containing at least 30,000 head of buffalo, his followers were at once interested and mystified. Probably few of them have ever heard of Melville Island. It is a low-lying piece of land, seventy miles long and thirty miles broad, situated off the northern coast of Australia, with its yellow sands washed by the warm, lazy waters of Van Diemen's Gulf.

The island has a curious history, as such places go. For many years it was leased by Mr. A. O.

belt, in which are stuck a strong knife and a revolver.

When a herd of buffalo is sighted, the shooter rides for them as hard and as straight as his horse will take him. A good buffalo horse will steer his own course, keeping the quarry in sight and avoiding pitfalls and obstacles by a miraculous instinct. The shooters say there are not many good buffalo horses. Only one horse in a dozen makes a good stock-horse, and only one stock-horse in twenty makes a decent buffalo horse.

When a buffalo horse has been "made," he is like a good polo pony in one respect; he knows just when to hang back and when to crack on every trace of pain he can muster. In swampy ground he keeps his distance from the herd, for there the large flat hoofs of the buffalo give them the advantage. They can turn sharply where the best horse will flounder hopelessly, and the one

breeding ground for swamp-buffalo, is exactly suitable in every respect for a Salvation Army labour colony.

The climate is certainly a tropical one. There are two seasons—a rainy and a dry one—but throughout the year the island is baked in the direct rays of a scorching sun. Part of it is dismal swamp, and a good deal more is covered with impenetrable scrub.

It also produces a brand of mosquito of a blood-capacity so extraordinary as to become notorious throughout a continent where every insect bites—and most of them bite hard. Even the hardened buffalo-shooters pass their days, when not in the saddle, in an atmosphere of the acrid smoke from burning buffalo-dung. In the night-time they sleep in gauze-netting boxes, that are not unlike large meat-safes.

MOSQUITOLAND.

On the other hand, the island produces countless good things. Its waters teem with fine fish and turtle, and it has a valuable fishery for trepang or sea cucumber, the bêche-de-mer of commerce. Among the many luscious tropical fruits that grow in wild profusion is the "Eugene apple," a stoneless fruit that is not unlike a very fine orange.

And there are always the buffaloes. Salvationists are proverbially versatile, and among the slouch-hatted, befringed westerners recently seen in the Strand there was probably more than one daring



Scene on Melville Island, which General Booth has had offered to him on reasonable terms, and which he may purchase to establish a Salvation Army Colony there. Over 30,000 buffaloes are said to roam over it, and above we show a sketch made from a photograph of one of the biggest buffaloes ever shot on this island.

Robinson, of Port Darwin, famed throughout the Northern Territory as Australia's "Buffalo Bill." Mr. Robinson started life as a buffalo-shooter, and is now credited with being among the wealthiest men in Northern Australia.

It was his whim for many years to allow the great swamp-buffalo to have the run of Melville Island without molestation. No shooting could have been more strictly preserved than this. As a result, when the embargo was removed it was estimated that there were quite 50,000 buffalo on the island. These numbers have since been considerably reduced by the shooters.

DARING GALLOPS.

Nearly every daring rider and adventurous spirit in Northern Australia has, at some time in his career, tried his hands at buffalo-shooting. But the men who have been able to make it pay are few in number; perhaps not more than a dozen in all.

The reason is not difficult to discover. The Australian buffalo-shooter must run risks and encounter dangers that completely eclipse all the most hair-raising adventures of the heroes of Fenimore Cooper.

His mad gallop after the flying herd is not urged over the level surface of the grassy prairie. He must spur his stock-horse through scrub and swamp, over precipitous mountain ranges, and down winding gullies, with eyes for his quarry alone. He must risk his neck a dozen times a day.

He goes out in the morning with his band of black "boys," every one of them bare rider and a lynx-eyed tracker. These boys ride light, their sole garment in many instances being a leather

encounter with the needle-points of those long, curving horns is generally sufficient.

But when the horse hears the ground ringing to his hoof-beats he carries the shooter right up to the withers of the beast they have singled out. As soon as the rifle—a shortened Martini or Snider—is touching the brute's heaving back, a bullet is sent crashing through its spinal column, and horse and man gallop on, leaving the dispatch to be performed by the "boys" who follow in the shooter's tracks. These soon strip off hide and horns, loading them upon the pack-horses they have with them.

Meantime, the clever horse has made another dash, and a second great dun-coloured beast is lying on the ground in its death agony. The performance is, repeated until the herd finds shelter in some piece of country impenetrable to this daring combination of horse and man. Sometimes as many as a dozen buffalo will fall to the shooter in one "run."

HORNS AND HIDE.

The value of each animal is something considerable. The hide is worth anything from 5s. to a sovereign, according to its size and thickness. A really good pair of horns may fetch 25s. and instances have been known of £20 being paid for an exceptionally fine pair.

Where practicable the beef is salted, and much of it finds its way to the pearling station of Thursday Island, and even as far as Japan, where it is masquerades as "best Australian corned beef."

Such is the industry that has been chiefly associated with the island that is now to be offered to General Booth on reasonable terms. It may be doubted whether Melville Island, though an ideal

rider who would hold his horse very straight behind the rushing long-horns.

There would at least be something appropriate in the Melville Island buffaloes being handed over to the care of the Salvation Army, for the presence of the buffalo in Australia is due to missionary effort. They are the descendants of a small herd brought to Port Essington by some Roman Catholic priest, who established a mission in Northern Australia in the early part of the last century.

TWO ROYAL ANNIVERSARIES.

There was double cause for rejoicing in the Royal Family yesterday, the occasion being the eleventh anniversary of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the thirty-sixth anniversary of the birth of Princess Victoria.

Both events were celebrated at Windsor by the ringing of the bells of St. George's Chapel and St. John's Parish Church, and two royal salutes were fired in the Long Walk of Windsor Great Park.

The King sent a special messenger from Buckingham Palace with a present to his daughter.

TO END THE RATE WAR.

Herr Ballin landed at Dover yesterday from the Hamburg-American passenger liner *Graf Waldersee*.

He proceeded to London for the conference, with Lord Inverclyde, on the Atlantic passenger rate war, which has been arranged by Mr. Gerald Balfour.

Consumption Can be Cured.

Marvellous discovery by Dr. Derk P. Yonkerman, the celebrated Doctor-Scientist. Exhaustive Tests prove it the long-sought Remedy for Consumption and all Throat and Lung Troubles.

TRIAL TREATMENT ABSOLUTELY FREE TO ALL WHO WRITE.

Incredible as it may seem after the centuries of failure, a remedy for the deadly consumption has at last been discovered by Dr. Derk P. Yonkerman, the great Doctor-Scientist, who has made a life-study of this fatal disease.



Dr. Derk P. Yonkerman, Discoverer of Tuberculozyne, the Remedy for Consumption.

After twenty years of almost ceaseless research in his laboratory, he has discovered a specific in which the consumption germs cannot live, and which can, without, be taken without injury to the most delicate constitution. It is a home treatment that will not interfere in any way with your daily employment.

Dr. Yonkerman believes that each and every sufferer is entitled to such a production of science, and he is sending treatments to rich and poor all over the world, bringing joy in the knowledge of relief from this awful, deadly disease. Proof of tests already made and letters from grateful people—former consumptives rescued from the very jaws of death—together with a trial treatment are sent free to all who write to the Dr. Derk P. Yonkerman Co., Ltd., Suite 104, 6, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

Write to-day. Send no money, simply your name and address. Do not hesitate. If you suffer from consumption or any throat or lung trouble, send for the free treatment at once.

A Wonderful Remedy

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS
For Liver Complaints.

2/- Panama 5/- 17/6

Genuine not a common Imitation. Easily cleaned and got up like new year's money. Not strong and not approved. A few extra specials at 25/-, 30/-, and 35/-, State size and price for our Illustrated List.

Note

W. O. Riley,
293, Lavender
hill, Clapham Jn.

Page Woodcock's Pills
Have for 50 years been the safe, sure and speedy remedy for all Stomach and Liver Troubles. Of all Chemists, 1/13 & 2/9.

GOOD SPORT NORTH AND SOUTH.

Mr. George Thursby Takes the Honours at the Bibury Club Meeting—W. E. Elsey's Success at Pontefract.

NOTES AND SELECTIONS BY "GREY FRIARS."

Fine weather of the most delightful midsummer brand—continuous sunshine, with the heat tempered by light breezes, which swept over one of the most beautiful scenes in England, on the Downs above the ancient city of Salisbury—made the second stage of the Bibury Club meeting enjoyable. The route to the racecourse was not less disagreeable than usual. The dust rolled up 15ft. high, chuffed by the motor-cars, of which there were many, and visitors, whatever their costumes, found themselves like millers' men before reaching the top of the hill.

There was a very good gathering in all departments, and the official figures showed the receipts yesterday to have beaten previous records so far as the money taken in the Tattersall's and cheap rings was concerned. A more satisfactory feature to the executive was the fact that the receipts grow year by year. Yesterday's income from the sources just mentioned exceeded by several hundred pounds the sum taken two years ago.

A Bad Beginning.

Fallion's stable led off badly. Enceladus was backed as defeat was impossible in the All-Aged Maiden Plate, but the outsider, Ripple, a brown filly by Kendal, had the lot beaten in the first furlong, and eventually scored in a canter from the favourite. No one expected, save those connected with the stable, that Ripple would show such form. She had run at Bath very moderately and without attracting the least notice. Poor Joe finished third, and ran along so vigorously after passing the winning-post that he got entangled in a hedge on the fringe of the plantation, and some time elapsed before his jockey returned to scale.

The honours of the day in the matter of jockeyship fell to Mr. George Thursby. The same reminds one that John O' Caunt, for whose next appearance certain people are very anxious, will not run until the St. George's Stakes at Liverpool. By the way, as a consequence of the mistake supposed to have been made by a leading jockey on the previous afternoon, a flag was yesterday flown from the top of the judge's box, so that the riders should not mistake the winning post. Clovery proved to be a false favourite for the Bibury Stakes. He was never in the hunt from flag fall, and this surprised his backers much more than the easy win secured by Zanetto. The latter was almost as well-backed as the favourite, and Bonnie Springfield, also well supported, and who was unluckily beaten a head on the opening day in the race against Salvador could now make but a poor show. Indeed, a rank outsider, Plato, ridden in characteristic fashion by his owner, was second.

No Betting.

To put it euphemistically, the market was very sensitive. To put it plainly, the wagering was of a wretched character. The slightest move on behalf of certain stables turned the quotations upside down. Lord Cork's getting down to the favourite for the Juvenile Plate, while Kirkthorpe, which opened in best demand at short rates, finally drifted out to 11 to 2. There was money for Cape Rose and for Emberton, and at slightly longer odds than the pair mentioned Hartpury was backed. Lord Cork, very skittish at the post, destroyed his chance by skewing round when the barrier went up, and Cape Rose also got badly away. This daughter of Bill of Portland (who has made such a name abroad as a sire) ran on very well, and undoubtedly would have won but for this bad beginning, as she was fast overhauling Catchword filly at the close, though beaten a length and a half. Indeed, the general sense of the performance was marked at the subsequent auction, when Cape Rose realised 165 guineas, and the winner was allowed to be bought in for 155 guineas.

Randall, rider of Catchword filly, had another success when Thunderbolt won the Pembroke Handicap, one of the easiest wins of the day. Of the lot backed Wild Lad proved the weakest in running, and after St. Joe, St. Rollox, Broblinski, and Happy Slave had at various stages shown up, Thunderbolt came through to win in a canter. Sir George Thursby had fair innings, as he won with Standard and Ben Davies. The former had merely an excuse canter in the Hurstbourne Stakes. This colt's debut was made in a paltry stake, wherein he got beaten by many racing platters, but later on he ran better against such horses as Brother Bill and Cicero. He now had nothing more difficult than Ormazd (by Orme-Mistress Penn) in opposition, as the third competitor, Michet, was of no account.

There was considerable betting on Solano for the Club Welter, and though short prices were taken about Ben Davies at one time, longer odds were offered at the close, so it was to carry to the usual rule in these sorts of races, when Ben Davies quite upset the market forecast, and making all the running, won very easily. The Johnstone Stakes only brought out two runners, and the long odds laid on Happy Slave seemed at one period in jeopardy, but in the last quarter he readily disposed of Lapsus filly.

At Pontefract Castro, who had acquitted him-

self smartly when defeating Mousqueton, Brownist, and others last week at Newmarket, was established a good favourite at 6 to 4 for the Great West Riding Handicap, but the Exeter House colt brought disaster to backers, as the winner came forth in Saroth, who was only beaten a neck by Powder Puff at Carlish with a good field behind.

The West Riding Champagne Trial Stakes had received no fewer than sixty-two entries, but of these only a quarter went to the post, the presence of the smart Post Karte probably accounting for the attenuated field. Mr. Rockwell's representative was included in the favourite, the others only asked for 5 to 4, which was rather surprising considering the moderate character of the opposition. The confidence reposed in the Baumber colt was not misplaced, for the son of Post Restante Miskali had won at every point of the contest.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

SALISBURY.

1.30.—Match—KUROKI.
1.45.—Arlington Stakes—LONGFORD LAD.
2.15.—Tisbury Plate—IRRITATE.
2.45.—Champagne Stakes—CYANEAN.
3.15.—Wallop Plate—CABMAN.
3.45.—Members' Plate—FIGHTING FURLEY.
4.15.—Downton Handicap—STREAM OF GOLD FILLY.

SPECIAL SELECTION. CYANEAN.

GREY FRIARS.

THE TWO BEST THINGS.

Wiring from Pontefract last night "The Squire" says:—

"The following may prove a remunerative double here to-morrow:—

3.15.—Pontefract Handicap—KING'S IDLER.
3.45.—Innkeepers' Handicap—McCALLUM MORE."

RACING RETURNS.

SALISBURY.—WEDNESDAY.

2.00.—ALL-AGED MAIDEN PLATE of 103 sows. Five furlongs, straight. Captain and French Diamond by Kendal—Gloria II. Mr. J. R. Scott's RIPPLE, 2 yrs., 1st 13lb. Mr. W. B. Pursey's ENCELADUS, 2 yrs., 1st 13lb. Also ran: Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 6lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 7lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 8lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 9lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 10lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 11lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 12lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 13lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 14lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 15lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 16lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 17lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 18lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 19lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 20lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 21lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 22lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 23lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 24lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 25lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 26lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 27lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 28lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 29lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 30lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 31lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 32lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 33lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 34lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 35lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 36lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 37lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 38lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 39lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 40lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 41lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 42lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 43lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 44lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 45lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 46lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 47lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 48lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 49lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 50lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 51lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 52lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 53lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 54lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 55lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 56lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 57lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 58lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 59lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 60lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 61lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 62lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 63lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 64lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 65lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 66lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 67lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 68lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 69lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 70lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 71lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 72lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 73lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 74lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 75lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 76lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 77lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 78lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 79lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 80lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 81lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 82lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 83lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 84lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 85lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 86lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 87lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 88lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 89lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 90lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 91lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 92lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 93lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 94lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 95lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 96lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 97lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 98lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 99lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 100lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 101lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 102lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 103lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 104lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 105lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 106lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 107lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 108lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 109lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 110lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 111lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 112lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 113lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 114lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 115lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 116lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 117lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 118lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 119lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 120lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 121lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 122lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 123lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 124lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 125lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 126lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 127lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 128lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 129lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 130lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 131lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 132lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 133lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 134lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 135lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 136lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 137lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 138lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 139lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 140lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 141lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 142lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 143lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 144lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 145lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 146lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 147lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 148lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 149lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 150lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 151lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 152lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 153lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 154lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 155lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 156lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 157lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 158lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 159lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 160lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 161lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 162lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 163lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 164lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 165lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 166lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 167lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 168lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 169lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 170lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 171lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 172lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 173lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 174lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 175lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 176lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 177lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 178lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 179lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 180lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 181lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 182lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 183lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 184lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 185lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 186lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 187lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 188lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 189lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 190lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 191lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 192lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 193lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 194lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 195lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 196lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 197lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 198lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 199lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 200lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 201lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 202lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 203lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 204lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 205lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 206lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 207lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 208lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 209lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 210lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 211lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 212lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 213lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 214lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 215lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 216lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 217lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 218lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 219lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 220lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 221lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 222lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 223lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 224lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 225lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 226lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 227lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 228lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 229lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 230lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 231lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 232lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 233lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 234lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 235lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 236lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 237lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 238lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 239lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 240lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 241lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 242lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 243lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 244lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 245lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 246lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 247lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 248lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 249lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 250lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 251lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 252lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 253lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 254lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 255lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 256lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 257lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 258lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 259lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 260lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 261lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 262lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 263lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 264lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 265lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 266lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 267lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 268lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 269lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 270lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 271lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 272lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 273lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 274lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 275lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 276lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 277lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 278lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 279lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 280lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 281lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 282lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 283lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 284lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 285lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 286lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 287lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 288lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 289lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 290lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 291lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 292lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 293lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 294lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 295lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 296lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 297lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 298lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 299lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 300lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 301lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 302lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 303lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 304lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 305lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 306lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 307lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 308lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 309lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 310lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 311lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 312lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 313lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 314lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 315lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 316lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 317lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 318lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 319lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 320lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 321lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 322lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 323lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 324lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 325lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 326lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 327lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 328lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 329lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 330lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 331lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 332lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 333lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 334lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 335lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 336lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 337lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 338lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 339lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 340lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 341lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 342lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 343lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 344lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 345lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 346lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 347lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 348lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 349lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 350lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 351lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 352lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 353lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 354lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 355lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 356lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 357lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 358lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 359lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 360lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 361lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 362lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 363lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 364lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 365lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 366lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 367lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 368lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 369lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 370lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 371lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 372lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 373lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 374lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 375lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 376lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 377lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 378lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 379lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 380lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 381lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 382lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 383lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 384lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 385lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 386lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 387lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 388lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 389lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 390lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 391lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 392lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 393lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 394lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 395lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 396lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 397lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 398lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 399lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 400lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 401lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 402lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 403lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 404lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs., 6st 405lb. Mrs. J. B. POOR JOE, 2 yrs.,

